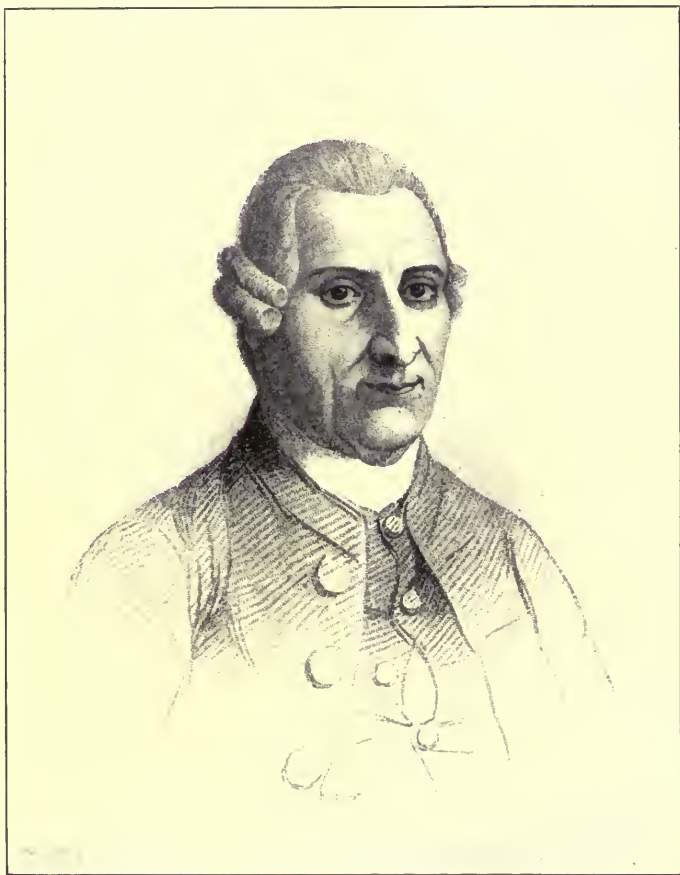


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John Thomas

THE
BOSTONIAN
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VOL. 12



BOSTON
OLD STATE HOUSE

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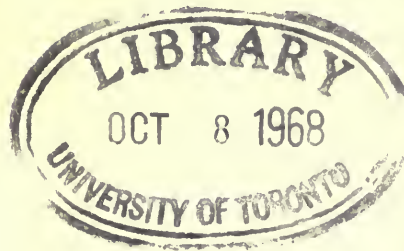


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A SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION,
GENERAL JOHN THOMAS

BY

ARTHUR LORD



A SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION, GENERAL JOHN THOMAS

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE BOSTONIAN SOCIETY, COUNCIL
CHAMBER, OLD STATE HOUSE, MARCH 17, 1914, BY

ARTHUR LORD



THE part which the Town of Boston played in the years which preceded the American Revolution and in the early days of that struggle, the story of Bunker Hill and of the months which followed up to the Evacuation of Boston, 138 years ago, is to members of this Society at least, more than a twice told tale. The researches of the antiquarian and the historian have left little to add to make the record of those days complete. The pages of some forgotten diary, the discovery of some plan drawn by an American or British engineer of the lines and fortifications around Boston, which has escaped the

attention of the collector, may serve to throw new light upon some person or scene connected with those times, but the story in its material and important details has been preserved and will be handed down unchanged to the generations which follow. Within the limits of time which the favor of your committee has assigned me, I propose to call to your attention this afternoon the story of the life and services and death of the distinguished officer who led the American troops in the important movement which resulted in the fortification of Dorchester Heights and compelled the Evacuation of Boston 138 years ago.

In a grave in distant Canada, lonely and unmarked, nearby the crumbling walls of the old Fort at Chambly, which stands on the point of land where the waters of the river Sorel mingle with the Bay of Chambly and the St. Lawrence, rest the ashes of Major General John Thomas, of whom it was said that he was the best general officer whom Massachusetts furnished in the American Revolution and for whom it may conservatively be claimed that had he survived the eight years of struggle for independence he would have stood in the minds and hearts of his countrymen second to Washington alone.

Born in 1724 in the town of Marshfield in the county of Plymouth, where Edward Winslow the Pilgrim governor lived and Daniel Webster died, a town rich in associations, traditions and history, his early life was

spent upon its hills and shores. He has sometimes been described as a descendant of that William Thomas, first settler of the name within the limits of the Old Colony. Among the manuscript papers of the late William Thomas of Plymouth, H. U. 1807, I find this statement : —

General John Thomas, who married Hannah, the daughter of Nathaniel, had no known connection with the family. His ancestor came over with the first named William who lived with him and assumed his name, as the General himself stated it.

There is no record nor tradition of his boyhood and youth. The story of his life must be mainly traced in the archives of the State and nation, and in the commissions and correspondence which are now preserved in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Six feet in height, of commanding appearance and well proportioned, the fine portrait of him, painted by Benjamin Blythe, now in the possession of Miss Sarah Williams, depicts him as a man of graceful and distinguished face and presence, while his correspondence with Washington and the other distinguished officers of the Revolution shows him to be a recognized leader in the military affairs of that period, and a man of high character and great accomplishments.

In accordance with the custom of that time the youth who sought to fit himself for the practice of medicine

studied under the care and training of some experienced physician, and Thomas acquired the learning which fitted him for a practicing physician in the office of Dr. Simon Tufts, an eminent physician of his day in your neighboring city of Medford. He began the practice of his chosen profession in the village of Green Harbor, in the town of Marshfield, and later removed to Kingston, where he made his home and practised his profession except when engaged in the public service as a surgeon or officer in the army. It was a useful and honorable but arduous life, that of a country doctor, who in winter's cold and summer's heat was quick to respond to every call of the sick and suffering, and so he won and kept the confidence and affection of the people of the county whom he served so well.

His first commission came to him, a young man of twenty-two, from Governor Shirley, bearing date of March 1, 1746, and authorized him to practice "chirurgery and medicine in the army." In February, 1755, a second commission was issued to him by Shirley, authorizing him to "beat his drums anywhere within this province for enlisting volunteers for His Majesty's service," and many a volunteer from the towns of Plymouth county fell in behind his drums. At the same time he was appointed lieutenant and also surgeon's mate in a regiment then being raised as part of General Winslow's expedition for the removal of the Acadians. The story of that expedition and the melancholy fate of the Aca-

dians which the verse of Longfellow has immortalized, is nowhere more fully told than in the diaries, fortunately safely preserved, of those two Massachusetts officers, General John Winslow of Plymouth, and John Thomas of Kingston.

Those records show that General Thomas played his part in the removal of the Acadians with fidelity, dignity and delicacy. In 1759, and again in 1760, he received from General Pownall a commission as Colonel of Provincials, and commanded a regiment in Nova Scotia, and in the expedition to Canada in 1760 under General Amherst. When the army left Crown Point under an August sky in 1760, and proceeded down Lake Champlain, the right wing was composed of Provincials under General Ruggles, and the left was made up of the New Hampshire and Massachusetts troops under Colonel Thomas. In the centre column are the English regulars, — an imposing array which, sweeping all opposition before it, arrived in Montreal in September. The Governor surrendered his army and the city at the first summons, and once again the “Lilies of France withered where the Lion of England trod.”

Like many another of the general officers of the American Revolution who had served in the Colonial forces in the French or Indian wars, Colonel Thomas had marched and fought side by side with the English soldiers under English generals, beneath the English flag, and the training and experience thus acquired was

of incalculable service in enabling these officers in the early years of the Revolution to drill their raw levies to meet on equal terms the trained soldiers of England. The skill and training thus acquired beneath the royal standard of England, as Provincial and Regular fought side by side against a common foe, made possible in the years to come the triumph of the American arms from Saratoga to Yorktown. From this expedition to Canada, little dreaming of the future which lay before him, or that in a few short years he would lead an American army against the best troops of England in that distant Canada which he had helped to win for England, and that he would rest there in alien soil, an early and foremost sacrifice in the cause of American liberty, Colonel Thomas returns to Kingston to practice his chosen profession in the fifteen years which follow until the breaking out of the Revolution, which calls him from a happy home and professional distinction to lay upon the altar of his country in the struggle for liberty, his military experience, a soldiers fame, a gallant life.

When the Provincial Congress assembled in February, 1775, Colonel Thomas was appointed one of the five general officers, and his commission as Lieutenant General is signed by his neighbor, James Warren of Plymouth, President of the Provincial Congress. When the news of the battle of Bunker Hill reached the Continental Congress then sitting in Philadelphia, it at once

proceeded to the election of eight Brigadier Generals, and it is worthy to note that all save one of them were from New England. The commission of General Thomas, dated June 22, 1775, described him as the first Brigadier General, but the dates of the commission to General Pomeroy of Northampton, and to General Heath of Roxbury, gave precedence to these officers. In the first letter which General Washington wrote to Congress from his camp in Cambridge, July 10, 1775, he says —

I am sorry to observe that the appointments of General Officers in the Provinces of Massachusetts and Connecticut has not corresponded with the wishes or the judgment either of the civil or military. Gen. Thomas is much esteemed and most earnestly desired to continue in the service and so far as my opportunities have enabled me to judge, I must join the general opinion that he is an able and good officer and his resignation would be a public loss. The postponement of him to Pomeroy and Heath whom he has commanded, would make his continuance very difficult and would probably operate on his mind as the like circumstance did on that of Spencer.

It appears in the same letter that General Spencer, who was from Connecticut, was so disgusted with General Putnam's promotion that he left the army without visiting General Washington or making known his intention.

Believing that he could not honorably serve under those whom he had so recently commanded, General Thomas withdrew from his command at Roxbury. How highly General Thomas was esteemed, how earnestly he was desired to continue in the service and how generally his resignation would be regarded as a public loss is conclusively shown from the letter of James Warren, Speaker of the House of Representatives, at the order of that body, earnestly requesting his continuance with the army and by the address of the Field Officers of the several regiments belonging to the camp at Roxbury, which ascribed to "his vigilance, prudence and skillful management, the order and regularity for which this camp has been celebrated," and assuring him that he had the "purest incense to a great and good man, the unfeigned thanks of the officers and soldiers in his immediate command as well as every friend of his country and the rights of mankind."

And lastly, may I trespass upon your indulgence to quote from a letter among the Thomas papers, now in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society, of General Washington to General Thomas, dignified in its tone, felicitous in its expression, elevated in its sentiments, eloquent in its appeal to every consideration of duty and patriotism, and which hardly needs the weight of his great name to teach us to-day the lofty lesson of duty, honor and patriotism.

CAMBRIDGE, July 23, 1775.

Sir: —

The retirement of a general officer, possessing the confidence of his country and the army, at so critical a period, appears to me to be big with fatal consequences, both to the public cause and his own reputation. While it is unexecuted, I think it my duty to make this last effort to prevent it, and after suggesting those reasons which occur to me against your resignation, your own virtue and good sense must decide upon it. In the usual contests of empire and ambition, the conscience of a soldier has so little share that he may very properly insist upon his claims of rank and extend his pretensions even to punctilio: but in such a cause as this, where the object is neither glory nor extent of territory, but a defence of all that is dear and valuable in life, surely every post ought to be deemed honorable in which a man can serve his country. What matter of triumph will it afford our enemies, that in less than one month a spirit of discord should show itself in the highest ranks of the army, not to be extinguished by anything less than a total desertion of duty? How little reason shall we have to boast of American union, of patriotism, if at such a time and in such a cause, smaller and partial consideration cannot give way to the great and general interest? These remarks not only affect you as a member of the great American body, but as an inhabitant of Massachusetts Bay, your own province, and the other colonies have a peculiar and unquestionable claim to your services; and, in my opinion, you cannot refuse them without relinquishing in some degree that character for public virtue and honor which you have hitherto sup-

ported. If our cause is just, it ought to be supported but where shall it find support if gentlemen of merit and experience, unable to conquer the prejudices of a competition, withdraw themselves in an hour of danger? I admit, sir, that your claims and services have not had due respect—it is by no means a singular case: worthy men of all nations and countries have had reason to make the same complaint; but they did not for this abandon the public cause—they nobly stifled the dictates of resentment and made their enemies ashamed of their injustice. And can America show no such instances of magnanimity? For the sake of your bleeding country, your devoted province, your charter right, and by the memory of those brave men who have already fell in this great cause, I conjure you to banish from your mind every suggestion of anger and disappointment; your country will do ample justice to your merits; they already do it by the sorrow and regret expressed on the occasion, and the sacrifice you are called to make will, in the judgment of every good man and lover of his country, do you more real honor than the most distinguished victory.

You possess the confidence and affection of the troops of this province particularly; many of them are not capable of judging the propriety and reason of your conduct; should they esteem themselves authorized by your example to leave the service, the consequences may be fatal and irretrievable. There is reason to fear it from the personal attachments of the men to their officers and the obligations that are supposed to arise from these attachments. But sir, the other colonies have also their claim upon you, not only as a native of America but an inhabitant of this province. They have

made a common cause with it, they have sacrificed their trade, loaded themselves with taxes, and are ready to spill their blood in vindication of the rights of Massachusetts Bay, while all the security and profit of a neutrality has been offered them. But no arts or temptation could seduce them from your side, and leave you a prey to a cruel and perfidious ministry. Sure, these reflections must have some weight with a mind as generous and considerate as yours.

How will you be able to answer it to your country and your own conscience if the step you are about to take should lead to a division of the army or the loss and ruin of America be ascribed to measures which your councils and conduct could have prevented? Before it is too late, I entreat, sir, you would weigh well the greatness of the state, and upon how much smaller circumstances the fate of empire has depended. Of your own honor and reputation you are the best and only judge; but allow me to say that a people contending for life and liberty are seldom disposed to look with a favorable eye upon either men or measures whose passions, interests or consequences will clash with those inestimable objects. As to myself, sir, be assured that I shall with pleasure do all in my power to make your situation both easy and honorable, and that the sentiments here expressed flow from a clear opinion that your duty to your country, your posterity and yourself, most explicitly require your continuance in the service. The order and rank of the commission is under the consideration of the Continental Congress, whose determination will be received in a few days. It may argue a want of respect to that august body not to wait the decision; but at all events I shall flatter

myself that these reasons, with others which your own good judgment will suggest, will strengthen your mind against those impressions which are incident to humanity and laudable, to a certain degree; and that the result will be your resolution to assist your country in this day of distress. That you may reap the full reward of your honor and public esteem which such a conduct deserves, is the sincere wish of

Sir, your very obed. & most humble servant,

GO. WASHINGTON.

GEN. JOHN THOMAS.

What other reply to this clear call to duty could be expected from General Thomas than that he should reconsider his determination to resign, return to the army and patiently await the recognition which was his due when Congress, by special resolve, determined that he should have precedence over all of the brigadiers of the army.

To these persuasive and stirring appeals he promptly responds, remains as a general officer in command of that division of the army encamped in Roxbury, and thereafter devotes himself earnestly to the discharge of those military duties in the siege of Boston for which his experience and training have so well qualified him.

It is not difficult with the aid of the military plans of that period and from the diaries, journals, letters and official records of the participants to recall the scene. The peninsula of Boston is connected with the main

land by a narrow neck at Roxbury, and upon its hills are the camps, batteries and redoubts and 10,000 chosen troops of England. Across the neck run the lines and entrenchments of the Royal Army and a narrow road stretches along the neck through the stout gates into the beleagured city.

The rocky nook with hilltops three
Looked Eastward from the farms,
And twice each day the flowing sea
Took Boston in its arms.

On the hills at Charlestown are seen the only entrenchments upon the main land of the Royal Army, while along the encircling road from Charlestown to Dorchester, through Cambridge and Brookline and Roxbury are massed the forces of the Continental army. There on the slopes of Winter Hill is the second corps of the American army under General Putnam; at Cambridge is the principal body under the orders of General Ward. In Roxbury is the third corps under the command of General Thomas, with the connecting line protected at material points by battery and redoubt. Here in the harbor the English ships swing idly at their anchors. In supreme command is Washington, with his headquarters at Cambridge.

The summer days pass away, the fall and winter months follow, and the siege continues without material success on either side, while the sound of the morn-

ing and evening guns from the battery on Beacon Hill mark for both armies the passing hours. The British grenadiers with their pointed caps of red, pointed with silver, wearing white leather leggins, and their scarlet coats trimmed with blue, may make a more imposing spectacle as to the strains of martial music they pass to and fro along the streets of Boston, but they are not more effective and picturesque than the Virginia riflemen under Morgan, who in their boyhood had been punished for hitting game anywhere except in the head, nor the riflemen in the Pennsylvania companies where no man had been enrolled unless he could hit at 150 yards the outline of a nose of common size, drawn with a piece of chalk upon a board.

These riflemen wore long frocks, around each waist is the belt in which hung the tomahawk and the long, glittering blade called a scalping knife. Leggins and moccasins were decked with beads and brightly dyed porcupine quills. On their heads were small round hats, and on the hat or frock they bore the inscription — "Liberty or Death." A British writer described them as — "These shirt-tailed men with their cursed twisted guns, the most fatal widow and orphan makers in the world." And encamped there with the militia from Massachusetts and the other New England colonies was a company of Stockbridge Indians, armed with bows and arrows, which they had used with effect upon the British regulars. There was suffering and disease

in the camps of both armies in the cold winter days, but the stout Continentals in tents and huts upon the hillsides suffered vastly more than the British soldiers quartered in Boston homes, who could exercise their horses in the riding schools in the churches, and amuse themselves in watching the performance of plays in Faneuil Hall.

The daring of the American privateersman supplied the deficiency in small arms and ammunition, and in the dead of winter Colonel Knox brought from Crown Point and Ticonderoga, over the frozen snow, in forty-two sleds a "noble train of artillery." After the first of January, 1776, the Union flag with thirteen stripes waved above the Continental army. On the floating batteries and colonial vessels was the white flag of Massachusetts with a green pine tree and its inscription "An Appeal to Heaven." During the seven months that followed the Battle of Bunker Hill, although the cannonading from the British lines had been at times severe and more than 2,000 shot and shell had been fired, only a dozen of the American soldiers had been killed. "At that rate," observes Dr. Thacher, "how many shots and bombs will it require to subdue the whole of his majesty's rebellious subjects?" The colonial soldier was less alarmed by the balls from the British cannon, as they bounded and rebounded over the hills, than the British officers were when they mistook the buzzing of the bugs and beetles for the whizzing of musket balls

and fled precipitately down the slope of Beacon Hill, an incident thus satirized in a celebrated poem :

No more the British colonel runs
From whizzing beetles as air guns ;
Thinks horn bugs bullets or through fear
Mosquitoes takes for musketeers.

As spring approached, Washington determined to fortify Dorchester Heights and compel the British to attack. On the nights of the second, third and fourth of March a severe cannonading from the American batteries at Cobble Hill, Lechmere Point and Lambs Dam, diverted the attention of the British troops.

By the fifth of March bundles of hay, fascines and chandeliers for entrenching purposes had been collected in large quantities, barrels filled with stone and sand to roll down the hills upon an assaulting party were ready, 2,000 bandages prepared, while on the Charles River 45 bateaux and two floating batteries were moored. As night falls the cannon mounted on the American batteries open fire, the moon is full and bright, the weather mild and pleasant, a soft haze, as it settles along the Dorchester Neck, conceals from the watchful sentinel upon the British forts, the movement of the American troops.

As the clock on the church tower strikes seven the word of command is given, and silently the covering party of 800 sturdy Continentals lead the way, then

follow the carts with the entrenching tools. There is hard work before the men who are to use the pick and spade, for the earth is frozen to the depth of 18 inches. Now come the working party 1200 strong, then some 300 ox-teams, loaded with fascines and hay, screwed into bundles of seven or eight hundred weight, the cart wheels wrapped with straw that no sound may fall on hostile ears. All night in the moonlight the work goes on, the straining oxen with their heavy loads pass and repass along the Neck, concealed behind the bundles of hay, the air resounds with the roar of cannon from the British forts, and the bursting bombs light up for a moment the steeples of the city.

As the day dawns the startled English sentinels report that the heights of Dorchester are fortified and the tops of the houses in Boston are covered with the enemy, who view us with astonishment, writes General Thomas to his wife, and Sir William Howe lays down his glass with the remark that "the rebels have done more in one night than my whole army could do in a month." And now the fire of the English guns is directed upon these new redoubts, but to little effect. The English general soon recognized that the Americans must be driven from these works or his army must evacuate Boston. Two thousand four hundred soldiers, the flower of the English army, are landed at Castle William, and at night were to attack the works. General Thomas is reinforced by 2,000 men, the breastworks

are strengthened, and in front are placed the heavy barrels ready to be rolled upon the British advance. But now a violent storm springs up, the sea runs high, no boat laden with troops can cross the channel and land through the heavy surf, the rain falls in torrents, the attack is delayed and before the storm is over these Heights have been made impregnable and the opportunity is lost forever.

The days quickly pass, and on the 17th of March, 1776, English soldier and American loyalist march down State Street to the waiting transports never to return. For the last time the streets of Boston echo the tread of an hostile army. Only as an emblem of peace and good will has the English flag floated above the city since that eventful day. It is a happy realization of the pious prophesy which the preacher took for his text in his sermon of thanksgiving, preached at the request of Washington when the American troops entered Boston :

Look upon Zion, the city of our solemnities ; thine eyes shall see Jerusalem, a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down ; not one of the stakes thereof shall ever be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken, —

and so may it be forever.

With the evacuation of Boston the attention of Washington was directed to another and more distant field.

The necessity of sending relief to the ill-fated expedition of General Arnold at Quebec was both apparent and immediate. In the preceding September on Wednesday morning, the 13th, the troops which had been detailed for the Canadian expedition started from Cambridge with the countersign for the day "Quebec." With high hopes and unbounded confidence the army marched quickly along the dusty highways and arrived at Newburyport, where upon the Saturday following, with colors flying and drums and fifes playing, they embark upon the vessels which are to carry them to the Kennebec. The plan was that the expedition should proceed up the Kennebec in boats to Lake Megantic, across the lake and down the Chaudiere River to Point Levis, then across the St. Lawrence, and by an attack either upon the lower town or upon the Heights of Abraham, famous in history as the scene of the death of Montgomery and Wolfe, the capture of the city and the overthrow of English rule in Canada was to be accomplished. One Hundred and thirty-seven years have passed away since the van of Arnold's men reached on the 6th of November the bluffs of Point Levis, and before them flowed the mighty St. Lawrence, while all aglow in the sunlight beyond stood the frowning heights of Quebec. The story of that desperate march there is not time to tell in detail, the story of one day is the story of every day, a continuous recital of suffering and exposure, disease, starvation and death.

The great precipice was crowned with batteries, and the palisades with citadels and towers. In the stream below floated His Majesty's frigate and a sloop of war, with muskets, ammunition and gold, while guard boats and small armed vessels day and night patrolled the river. For days the storm raged and the river was impassible for the frail boats gathered along the shore by Arnold's men, even if the frowning guns of the frigate had not blocked their way. But one dark night the boats loaded with the American soldiers are paddled silently up the stream and then down by the frigate and guard boat, and at last reach the point on the shore below the bluff where Wolfe had landed fifteen years before. Five hundred men, all that remained of the patriot forces who had left Cambridge two months ago, were speedily landed upon the shore and scaled without discovery the precipitous path leading to the heights above. Even Arnold was unwilling to lead his troops against the stout gates and strong walls without scaling ladders or cannon. He first attempted to persuade the forces within the walls to come outside and give battle upon the Plains of Abraham, but the English officer in command was too shrewd to adopt the fatal policy which lost Quebec to Montcalm. The next expedient was to withdraw the American forces up the river to await the arrival of Montgomery with men, ammunition and supplies. It was now certain that Quebec could not be captured

by a surprise as it was hoped, and Arnold's march, which Joseph Warren in his letter to Samuel Adams compared to Hannibal's and Xenophon's, had for the moment at least failed.

On the 28th of November, Montgomery set sail from Montreal with men, stores and artillery, and upon the evening of the following day dropped anchor above Quebec. The troops within the walls of Quebec outnumbered the invading forces. Trenches could not be dug in the frozen earth, the artillery was inadequate, and there was no possible method of scaling the walls which were 30 feet high, for no men could carry scaling ladders when they sank to their armpits in the snow, even if the advance was not checked by the trained soldiers of England who manned the walls. The snow was from 6 to 20 feet deep, the cold more intense than the New England men had ever known. "God bless your honor, I am glad you have come, my eyelids have frozen together," says an English sentry within the walls, while on the Plains the American soldier lies down never to rise again. Ammunition was scarce, food was failing, starvation near at hand. Enfeebled by disease the strong became weak and the weak miserably died. A council of war was held and it was decided to take the desperate chances of an assault. In the darkness of a December night the assault was made, and before morning had been repulsed all along the line. When the sun rose Montgomery lay dead,

Arnold crippled by a bullet which had cut its way though his left leg, and Morgan with almost all the artillery and the Kennebec division had been captured. The army already small was now a shred, and there it lay, buried in the drifting snows of a Canadian winter, beaten and forced back, its friends far away, and the enemy close at hand.

Nothing was left but to withdraw from before the walls of Quebec, in the hope that the British troops would not press the advantage which they had already gained, and that reinforcements would arrive. Messengers were sent back in haste to take the story of the defeat to the forces at Montreal, and slowly to force their way through the winters cold and bring the news of the disaster, and impress the importance of early relief upon Washington and the Continental authorities.

When the news reached Washington of the desperate condition at Quebec, the question at once presented itself, — what general officer can be entrusted with the duty of relieving and taking command of the American army in Canada? General Schuyler's health unfitted him for so dangerous a task. Neither General Wooster nor General Putnam, in the opinion of Washington, were competent to take a separate command at that distance and to lead the American forces in so critical a crisis, when even Arnold with all his brilliancy and daring, recognizing the gravity of the situation, declared

that a general of greater experience than himself ought to be appointed. The choice fell upon General Thomas, who in the mature judgment of Washington and his officers was of all the available American officers the best fitted for this important, dangerous and almost hopeless undertaking. It was high praise from the foremost of Americans. Possessing the confidence of officers and men alike, gallant, experienced, manly, unpretending, all knew that he would lead the Colonial troops to victory, if victory were possible to human effort or human valor, or would wisely and prudently conduct the retreat of the army, if retreat were absolutely necessary before overwhelming odds.

On the 6th of March, 1776, he was advanced to the rank of Major General and ordered to proceed immediately to Canada. He hastens to Albany and there undertakes the almost impossible task at that season of the year of leading the forces there gathered to Quebec by way of Ticonderoga. Pressing forward he reaches Ticonderoga ; on the 26th of April he enters the Chateau de Ramesay at Montreal, the headquarters of the American forces. Then, down the St. Lawrence, and on the 1st of May he reaches the American army near Quebec. He found that his entire command consisted of less than 2,000 men. It was estimated that the number of soldiers fit for duty were only 700 and that these were spread over a circuit of twenty-six miles. Only about 300 were immediately in front of Quebec. The store

of powder had been reduced to 150 lbs., and less than a week's rations remained. To oppose the 150 cannon mounted on the walls of Quebec, the batteries in his command could mount not more than fifteen guns, and already sailing up the St. Lawrence was the great English fleet, laden with the seasoned veterans of England, stores of ammunition and ample supplies.

The situation was desperate in the extreme. Upon the 5th of May he called a council of war. It was unanimously agreed that in the face of odds so overwhelming nothing was left but to retreat. The next day the English frigates drop anchor before the town. The veteran troops of England are landed, the gates of the fortress are thrown open and the columns in battle array march out. The retreat of the Americans begins and in good order they fall back up the St. Lawrence to Deschambault, where Thomas determines to make his stand, a position of unusually strong natural advantages, forty-eight miles above Quebec. Up the river came the stout English detachments, through the woods press forward the Canadian forces and their Indian allies. Exhausted but not dismayed the brave soldiers of New England rally around their beloved general. The expected reinforcements from Montreal fail to arrive, their ammunition spent, their rations exhausted, it was determined by a council of war that the army should no longer attempt to hold the position, but continue the retreat to Sorel on the other side of the river.

The American Commissioners, Chase and Carroll, report that it was their firm and unanimous opinion that it was better to withdraw immediately the army from Canada. No American soldier was captured in that masterly retreat. The confidence of Washington in General Thomas had not been misplaced.

From his headquarters at Sorel, on the 20th of May, 1776, General Thomas writes to the Commissioners :

In order truly to judge of my situation you will be pleased to figure to yourselves a retreating army disheartened by unavoidable misfortunes, destitute of almost every necessity to render their lives comfortable or even tolerable, sick, and as they think, wholly neglected, no probable prospect of a speedy relief ; if you will please Gentleman, to reflect on these circumstances for a moment you will not be surprised when you are informed that there are great murmurings and complaints among the soldiers.

This letter, which had been burned in some places, is not readily decipherable, but sufficient has been read to show the deplorable condition of the army under Thomas in Canada. General Thomas already had small-pox upon him — “ But he passed his days in the saddle and his evening at the writing table until the 2d of June arrived and then he died and his country has not forgotten him,” says a distinguished English historian.

On May 21st, General Thomas wrote his last official letter, and probably the last letter of his life. It is

dated Headquarters, Sorel, May 21, 1776, and is addressed to General Wooster, and reads :

I am at this period unfortunately seized with the small-pox, the safety of the army makes it necessary that I should be removed from camp and I shall be for some time unable to discharge the duties of my office. The command in consequence devolves upon you, and as the main body of the army is here, you will undoubtedly think it necessary to repair to this place as soon as possible.

His disease was of the malignant form. Some days before his death he was entirely blind, and on the 2d of June, 1776, he died. He is buried not far from the fort which still stands near the banks of the river.

To the listening ear and attentive mind, from out of the oblivion of the past there comes once again the roar of the artillery, the sharp volleys of musketry, the roll of the stirring drums, and in imagination we see that stately figure, in full uniform, leading on foot his sturdy Continentals along the Heights of Dorchester which he won and kept, or on horseback, marshaling his sick and weary soldiers, infusing into them new confidence, inspiring them with his spirit and example, as he conducts them safely in that last retreat along the banks of the St. Lawrence.

In the clear light of history he stands forth from the shadows of the passing years, tall, erect, well proportioned, his features finely cut, his manners affable and

sincere, a soldier brave and patriotic, an officer enjoying the confidence of Amherst and of Washington, possessing the love and respect of the men whom he had trained in order and discipline without severity, and had led in victory and defeat without fear and without reproach.

May his name and fame be long preserved in this community which he served so well, and in this nation whose independence his skill and valor helped to win, and the lessons of honor and duty and patriotism which the memory of his life and service and death will ever teach, be an inspiration and example to the coming generations !





Painted by Pratt in 1834

THE GARDINER GREENE MANSION HOUSE
Cotton Hill, now Pemberton Square

A HISTORY
OF THE
GARDINER GREENE ESTATE

ON

Cotton Hill, now Pemberton Square, Boston

EDITED BY

WINTHROP S. SCUDDER

FOREWORD

THROUGH the courtesy of Frederic Amory, Esq., grandson of Gardiner Greene, and a Life Member of this Society, two hitherto unpublished manuscripts are presented to you to-day. One which gives a history of the house, compiled from historic documents and records, was written in 1886, by the late Judge Francis Cabot Lowell for Mrs. James Sullivan Amory. The other, written the same year, also for Mrs. Amory, gives an intimate picture of the life in the old mansion and an account of its distinguished mistress, by her friend, Mrs. Robert C. Waterston (Anna Cabot Lowell Quincy).

Just a word about my connection with these papers: Among the pictures which I collected a few months ago, to illustrate "Dr. Holmes's Boston," is included the interesting painting by Pratt in 1834, of the Gardiner Greene house. A reproduction of this, with a view of the garden, plans of the estate on Cotton, or Pemberton Hill, and portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner Greene, which were with the manuscript, are to be published with these papers. Finding it difficult to establish from

records in the libraries the exact date when the house was built, I applied to Mr. Amory, who said that the date would be given in an original manuscript in his possession. This manuscript is the one on the house by Judge Lowell, and preserved with it is the one by Mrs. Waterston.

Your Secretary, when informed of the existence of these manuscripts, suggested that with Mr. Amory's approval, which was readily given, they be read before the Society and included in the forthcoming volume of the Society's publications.

Before I read these two papers, it will, I think, interest you to know a few facts about Mr. and Mrs. Greene, because I believe that people are more interesting than things, and because it is the personality of its occupants that makes a house interesting historically.

Gardiner Greene was born in Boston in 1753, and died there in 1832, in his eightieth year. The foundation of his large fortune was laid in Demerara.

While in England, where he had gone to sell his Demerara plantation, he met Miss Elizabeth Clarke Copley, and in July, 1800, was married to her in London. She was the daughter of John Singleton Copley and sister of John, afterwards Baron Lyndhurst, three times Lord Chancellor of England. Her mother was Susanna Farnham, daughter of Richard Clarke, the merchant to whom was consigned the tea which was destroyed by the Boston Tea Party.

In 1803 Mr. Greene purchased the house on Cotton Hill, built by William Vassall in 1758, and he lived there till his death in 1832. This house was used by Cooper in his novel, "Lionel Lincoln," as the house of Mrs. Lechmere. The estate comprised about two and one-half acres.

The following tribute to the character of Mr. Greene appeared in one of the Boston papers soon after his death, but the name of the writer has not been discovered :

"I cannot permit," says the writer, "the occasion of the death of Mr. Greene, who was both our friend and our father's friend, to pass without a few observations on points of his character which, while they do honor to his memory, should have a salutary influence over us all.

"The early life of Mr. Greene, as well as his latter days, was characterized by the grand secret of success, the habit of application, and in him it was no less powerful than his integrity, an integrity that was rare. We were led to a knowledge of him by our own commercial intercourse with Demerara (where he laid the foundation of his large fortune), by which we frequently had the funds of the widow and fatherless, etc., to place in his hands in his Demerara character of an honest man, to use a familiar expression. And I know of no instance where any charge was made for the faithful care of the trusts.

"In all the public trusts reposed in him, —and they were very numerous and responsible, —and in his commercial intercourse he was alike punctual and was possessed with a very philosophic temperament of mind. One of many instances of this trait I will relate. He made a large shipment to the north of Europe and sustained a very heavy loss. On the return of the Supercargo to Boston, Mr. Greene took him by the hand in his usual friendly manner, without a mention of the loss, and shortly after, by letters of introduction, etc., was instrumental in placing him in a very eligible situation in Europe.

"His manners were of the old school and the open hospitality of his house will be cherished and remembered by many distinguished foreigners and a very extensive circle of friends and acquaintances in this vicinity and throughout the country. The grounds around his mansion on 'Cotton Hill' (afterwards Pemberton Square), commanding one of our finest views, have long been considered one of the 'lions of the city.'

"With regard to his public benefactions I think they will compare with those of his compeers; and his private ones were very numerous."

At the time of his death, in 1832, Mr. Greene was President of the United States Bank and also of the Provident Institution for Savings.



GARDINER GREENE



MRS. GARDINER GREENE (Elizabeth Copley)

In the "Transcript" of December 31, 1832, I find the following notice :

"At the annual meeting of the Provident Institution for Savings, held Wednesday, December 19th, a letter was read from the Hon. Samuel Hubbard, communicating the death of the President of this institution. Whereupon it was unanimously voted : That this Corporation entertains a deep sense of the great loss this Institution and the community have sustained by the death of Gardiner Greene, Esq., who for many years gratuitously devoted himself in the office of its Treasurer, with equal zeal, intelligence and fidelity to its service ; and who subsequently in that of its President, by the constant and unwearied application of his talents and vigilance has been greatly instrumental in extending a confidence in it and promoting its best interests and prosperity."

Mrs. Greene lived until 1866. The "Transcript" of February 2, the day after her death, says :

"The venerable Mrs. Greene, who died in this city yesterday, at the advanced age of ninety-five years, was the only person living here who sailed from the Province of Massachusetts under the British flag just before the Revolution.

"With her brother, the late Lord Lyndhurst, and her sister, she embarked for England on the last vessel that left our shores under the English ensign. The three children then went to England to visit their father, the

famous painter, J. S. Copley, who had just returned from Italy, and was at that time receiving much patronage from the patrons of art in London. Mrs. Greene lived ninety years after this meeting with her father."

In the "Transcript" of December 29, 1832, the following extract was reprinted from the "Atlas":

"The disposition of his property by the late Gardiner Greene has been the topic of conversation in this city since the will was deposited in the Probate Office. The aggregate amount is as yet a matter of conjecture, but it is believed it will not fall much short of three million dollars." His widow and his son-in-law, Hon. Samuel Hubbard, were appointed Executors and Trustees. After making ample provision for his family, he manumitted his mulatto man and allowed him the use of the house he lived in, free of rent, and \$60 per annum.

In editing these papers it has seemed to me most fitting that attention be drawn and a public record kept of these two important actors in the life of Boston one hundred years ago. Their house was the centre of that society — high-minded, intellectual, philanthropic, and of that hospitality, simple yet formal and elegant, which gave to Boston its unique and distinguished place among American cities; and their numerous descendants still keep alive and carry on the fine old traditions of that day.

WINTHROP S. SCUDDER.



A HISTORY OF THE GARDINER GREENE ESTATE

On Cotton Hill, now Pemberton Square, Boston

This paper was written in 1886 by Hon. Francis Cabot Lowell, (1855-1911), for Mrs. James Sullivan Amory (Mary Copley Greene), daughter of Gardiner and Elizabeth Copley Greene. It was read at the November, 1915, Meeting of the Bostonian Society by Winthrop S. Scudder, and is now printed by permission of Frederic Amory, Esq.



MORE than a quarter of the Town of Boston, as it existed a hundred years ago, was covered by Beacon Hill. This was so much larger than either Copps Hill or Fort Hill, that in some views of Boston they disappear altogether, while Beacon Hill seems to fill up the peninsula.¹ It was divided into three principal crests,² the highest in the centre,

¹ See Memorial History of Boston, vol. 3, p. 156; vol. 4, p. 66; Antique Views of Boston, pp. 162, 166; Beacon Hill in 1635 and 1790, p. 9. See also a View of Boston in 1743 (Boston Athenaeum).

² Mem. Hist., vol 1, p. 525.

on which the beacon stood, with Mount Vernon to the west and Cotton Hill to the east.

What was then the central crest, or Beacon Hill proper, is now crossed by Temple Street,¹ opposite the reservoir lot.² It was a steep, conical hill, rounded at the top, and rather higher than the roof of the present State House.³ From this point the land fell away abruptly toward Bowdoin and Bulfinch streets, so that a piece of land between Bulfinch and Somerset streets, extending a little farther to the eastward was called Valley Acre.⁴ From Valley Acre eastward rose Cotton Hill. Upon it there appear to have been three small crests,⁵ one where the summer house of Mr. Ebenezer Francis stood,⁶ another on the Greene estate,⁷ with a

¹ Beacon Hill in 1635 and 1790, p. 23.

² Now (1915) occupied by the State House Extension.

³ See the colored lithographs of Beacon Hill made soon after the present State House was built. Copies can be found in the Old State House, and there are reduced copies of several (uncolored) Mem. Hist., vol. 4, pp. 64 *et seq.*

⁴ Fifth Report of Boston Record Commissioners, second edition, pp. 79, 82, (cited hereafter as Rec. Com.). This book consists of a series of articles by Mr. N. I. Bowditch, originally published in the Boston Daily Transcript of 1855. Valley Acre is also spelt Valley Achor, and it is doubtful which is the original form.

⁵ Snow's Hist. of Boston, p. 112. See a map of Boston made in 1728 (Boston Public Library). It is pretty clear that the name "Tremont" did not come from Beacon, Fort and Copp's Hills. Whether, as Mr. Snow suggests, it came from the three crests of Cotton Hill, or from the three crests of Beacon Hill, is doubtful.

⁶ Rec. Com., p. 77 and see the picture by Salmon, owned by Mr. W. H. Whitmore (Mem Hist., vol. 4, frontispiece). See also Note on Pictures, *infra*.

⁷ See the picture of Mr. Greene's garden, facing p. 60.

small valley between the two, and probably a third on the adjoining Phillips estate. Cotton Hill was, therefore, a short ridge nearly parallel to Somerset street, with an abrupt descent toward Tremont street and Tremont Row,¹ and a somewhat gentler descent toward Bowdoin Square. Approaching from the east, we should find Tremont Row (then called Tremont street) considerably higher than it now is,² and rising from Howard street (formerly Southack's Court) towards what is now the east entrance of Pemberton Square. Dr. Shurtleff's estate was lower than Mr. Lloyd's,³ which in turn, was lower than Mr. Greene's.

Mr. Greene's mansion house stood on land about fifteen feet higher than the street, but it was at the bottom of the steep descent of the hill, which rose abruptly behind it in four or five terraces. The crest of the hill on the Greene estate was about sixty-five feet above the present elevation,⁴ while the centre of the enclosure in Pemberton Square has been cut down about fifty-five feet.⁵ The Francis summer house is said to have been seventy feet above the present level of the land on which it stood.⁶ From the crest of the hill, the Greene estate descended towards Somerset

1 See the Faneuil Map (Boston Public Library).

2 Information furnished by Mr. Alexander Wadsworth.

3 From papers and plans belonging to the Jackson family.

4 Life of Asa G. Sheldon, p. 181 (Woburn Public Library).

5 Life of Sheldon, p. 183.

6 Rec. Com., p. 77.

street, where a cutting, some twenty feet deep, had been made when the street was laid out in 1801.¹ At the beginning of this century, the steep sides of the hill were nearly bare of trees,² although several large English elms upon the very top of the hill served as landmarks to vessels entering the harbor.³ At the bottom of the hill, near the house, there were doubtless many trees.⁴

In the "Book of Possessions," compiled soon after the settlement of Boston, the larger part of the Greene estate is set down as belonging to the Reverend John Cotton, second pastor of the First Church.⁵ The so-called Waldo estate then belonged to Daniel Maud, while the land behind Mr. Greene's garden, the southernmost part of his estate, belonged to Richard Bellingham. Mr. Cotton's lot extended across what is now Somerset street to the east line of the Mt. Vernon Church⁶ in Ashburton Place. His house stood very near the site

1 Suffolk Deeds, lib. 210, fol. 140. Annexed to the record is a plan of a section made at right angles to Somerset street. This shows that the street was to be cut down twenty-six feet, and that the descent was to be graded.

2 See the water-color view taken from Fort Hill in 1807 (Old State House). An engraving of this (reduced) is in Mem. Hist., vol. 4, p. 47. See also the view of Boston from the house of Col. Hatch in Dorchester (State Library).

3 Mem. Hist., vol. 3, p. 228.

4 Picture of Mr. Greene's house, Sewall's diary, vol. 2, p. 129.

5 Rec. Com., p. 84 *et seq.* and see plan I. The map in the Boston Athenaeum and elsewhere made up from the Book of Possessions is needlessly inaccurate. See Note on Plans, *infra*.

6 Now (1915) the Boston University School of Law.

of the Vassall-Greene house, and in 1636 it was doubled in size by Sir Harry Vane, who lived with him for two years.¹ Mr. Cotton died in 1653, and his estate, after being divided and passing through several hands, was united in 1682 in the possession of John Hull, mint-master and coiner of the "Pine Tree Shillings."² Hull died a year later, and the premises passed to his daughter Hannah, first wife of Samuel Sewall, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Province. In 1697 Sewall bought about half an acre of the Bellingham lot, and the estate took the boundaries which it had in Mr. Greene's day, except that it extended further to the westward, across what is now Somerset street, and except for the Maud-Waldo lot, bought in 1824, which Mr. Greene never treated as a part of his homestead.

Judge Sewall lived on the Cotton estate for nearly fifty years. In 1684 he asked the General Court for leave to build a small wooden porch about seven feet square, in order to break the wind from the "fore-door" of his house, which stood exposed and at a distance from other houses.³ His petition was granted. Four years later, he was approached by the Reverend Mr. Ratcliff (afterwards Rector of Kings Chapel) and Captain Davis, and was asked to sell them a piece of land for a church lot. He refused sternly, both because

¹ Rec. Com., p. 84.

² Rec. Com., p. 85; Mem. Hist., vol. 1, p. 354.

³ Massachusetts Colonial Records, p. 456.

the land had once belonged to John Cotton, and also because he "would not set up what the people of New England came over to avoid." "In after discourse," he continues, "I mentioned chiefly the cross in baptism, and holy days."¹

In 1693 Judge Sewall tore down the old Vane-Cotton house and built another in its place, fetching its corner-stones from Boston Common.² He was proud of his new residence and tells how Mr. Quincy was much pleased with some painted shutters in it, and "in pleasauncy said he thought he had been got into paradise."³ The Judge walked often on the top of Cotton Hill, and when, in 1699, Lord Bellomont came out to the Province as Governor, Judge Sewall invited his lady to look at the town from this spot, which was then, no doubt, the best point of view. As they came down through Sewall's garden gate at the back of his house, the old puritan gallantly begged her to let him call it Bellomont gate for the future. The lady graciously assented.⁴

Besides building a new house, Sewall improved the the estate in several ways. There were other houses standing upon it, which he let to Mr. Hirst, Obadiah Gore and others,⁵ and he took great pains that Mr. Leblond, or Lebloom, who then owned what was later

¹ Sewall's Diary, vol. 1, p. 207.

² *Ibid.*, vol 1, p. 377.

³ *Ibid.*, vol. 1, p. 413.

⁴ *Ibid.*, vol. 1, p. 500.

⁵ *Ibid.*, vol. 2, p. 22; *Ibid.*, vol. 3, p. 157. See Bonner's Map, A. D. 1722; Mem. Hist., vol. 2, p. xiii; Plan I.

called the Waldo house, should not wrongfully open a window upon his (Sewall's) premises.¹ He also planted trees — poplars, probably Lombardy poplars, and a white oak.²

On Sewall's death, in 1729, the estate, or at any rate the mansion house, seems to have been occupied by his daughter Judith, wife of the Reverend William Cooper, pastor of the Brattle Street Church. In 1733, while digging in Mr. Cooper's garden, the workmen threw up a considerable number of human bones, and this recalls the fact that one of the Mathers mentions that the hill was sometimes called Golgotha,³ probably from a similar circumstance which happened earlier. Curiously enough, when the hill was dug down in 1835, it was found that the cellar of one of the houses upon it had been used as a family burial vault.⁴ About 1758, Sewall's heirs divided the property, and sold it to William Vassall, a relative of that Vassall who built the Craigie-Longfellow house in Cambridge. At this time there were three dwelling houses on the land, one where the Vassall-Greene house stood, one on the site of the stable, and a third behind this last. Directly south of the mansion house, behind the Waldo house was a garden.⁵

¹ Sewall's Diary, vol. 2, p. 236.

² Sewall's Diary, vol. 2, p. 129; *Ibid.*, vol. 3, p. 217.

³ Shaw's Description of Boston, p. 78.

⁴ Life of Sheldon.

⁵ Suffolk Deeds, Lib. 92, fol. 29 *et seq.*, and see Plan I.

Soon after his purchase, it seems that Mr. Vassall tore down all the houses on the estate, and built of wood the house which is shown in the picture. Here he lived, no doubt in much greater state than Sewall or Cooper. He was a royalist and, in 1775, he entertained in his house Earl Percy, when the latter was in Boston at the time of the battle of Lexington.¹ He was a refugee² and, after the peace, in 1790, his estate was sold to Patrick Jeffrey, uncle of Francis Jeffrey, and brother-in-law of John Wilkes.³ Like Mr. Vassall, Mr. Jeffrey lived in great state.⁴

In 1801 he sold a strip of land to the City of Boston for Somerset street, and thus separated the smaller western portion of his estate from the larger eastern part.⁵ On November 20, 1802, he sold this last to Jonathan Mason for thirty-six thousand dollars.⁶ On April 2, 1803, Mr. Mason conveyed it to Mr. Gardiner Greene with the mansion house and brick stable thereon, the consideration being forty-one thousand dollars.⁷ Of this estate in Mr. Greene's day, Mr. Bowditch says, "The house had no remarkable architectural pretensions of any kind, but the natural beauties of the site,

¹ Drake's Landmarks of Boston, p. 53.

² Rec. Com., p. 87.

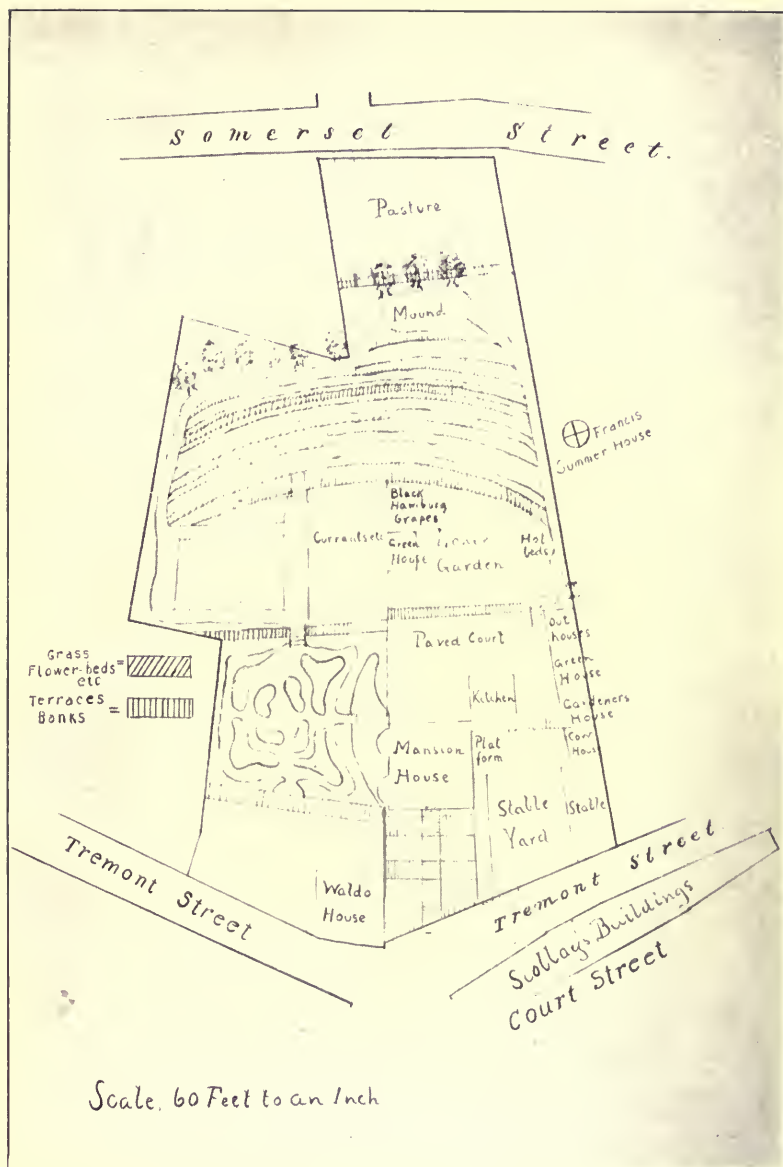
³ *Ibid.*, p. 85. Probably Mr. Jeffrey bought the estate with his wife's money. For an account of the relations between the two, see Rec. Com., p. 89.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 86.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 86.

⁶ Suffolk Deeds, Lib. 203, fol. 32.

⁷ *Ibid.* Lib. 205, fol. 252.



PLAN IN DETAIL OF THE GARDINER GREENE ESTATE

improved by taste and art, made it altogether the most splendid private residence in the city.”¹ Mr. Marshall P. Wilder says, “The most conspicuous and elegant garden of those days was that of Gardiner Greene, who had one of the early green-houses of Boston. The grounds were terraced and planted with vines, fruits, ornamental trees, flowering shrubs and plants, and were to me when I visited them sixty-five years ago a scene of beauty and enchantment I shall never forget. Here were growing in the open air Black Hamburg and White Chasselas grapes, apricots, nectarines, peaches, pears and plums in perfection, presenting a scene which made a deep impression on my mind. Here were many ornamental trees brought from foreign lands.”² These gardens, either in whole or in great part were laid out by Mr. Greene. In 1824 he bought the small Maud-Waldo lot with the brick house standing on it, but he never treated it as part of the homestead.³

Mr. Greene died in 1832, and the estate, containing 103,945 feet, was appraised at \$142,000.⁴ In 1835 it was sold to Mr. Patrick T. Jackson, acting for himself and others, the price paid being \$160,000.⁵ At about the same time, Mr. Jackson bought the Lloyd estate to the north, the Phillips estate to the south, and several estates on Somerset street to the west. He employed

1 Rec. Com., p. 88.

2 Mem. Hist., vol. 4, p. 610.

3 Suffolk Deeds, Lib. 293, fol. 196.

4 Rec. Com., p. 89.

5 *Ibid.*, p. 94.

Mr. Asa G. Sheldon to cut down the hill and carry away the soil to the western part of the old Mill Pond, near Causeway street and the Lowell Railroad Station. Between seven and eight o'clock on the morning of May 5, 1835, the work was begun, and it was finished in exactly five months.¹ Mr. Sheldon employed sixty-three yoke of oxen, with Yankees for drivers, and one hundred and ninety Irishmen for shovellers.² The various houses on the hill were sold, the Greene mansion house bringing two thousand dollars. In the Lloyd house the Yankees were lodged,³ while three temporary barns were built for the oxen, and a temporary smithy for shoeing them. The English elms on the top of the hill were sold for timber to the Charlestown Navy Yard⁴ and the immense shrubbery was destroyed.⁵ Mr. Sheldon was offered three hundred dollars to move the ginkgo tree and warrant its life for a year. He examined it carefully and did not dare undertake the job; he estimated that the tree contained about two feet of cord-wood.⁶ Later it was successfully moved to the Boston Common, opposite Joy street, where it now stands.⁷

1 *Life of Sheldon*, p. 194. 2 *Ibid.*, p. 189. 3 *Ibid.*, p. 189.

4 *Ibid.*, p. 181. 5 *Ibid.*, p. 181. 6 *Life of Sheldon*, p. 181.

7 After Mr. Sheldon refused to take the risk of moving the tree, Dr. Jacob Bigelow, on account of his friendship for Mrs. Greene, had the tree transplanted May 7, 1835, to the head of the "long path" on the Common, opposite 32 Beacon street, where Mrs. Greene moved from Cotton Hill, and where she lived over thirty years, to the end of her life. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in his "Autocrat" refers to the ginkgo tree.

Mr. Sheldon removed from Cotton Hill something over 100,000 yards of gravel for which he was paid about twenty-eight cents a yard. The day after his work was done, the property, which had already been divided into suitable lots, was sold by auction. It is understood that Mr. Jackson's speculation was not successful.

FRANCIS C. LOWELL,

Feb. 13, 1886



A LONG LIFE

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF

ELIZABETH COPLEY GREENE

(Mrs. Gardiner Greene)

This paper was written for Mrs. James Sullivan Amory in 1886 by Mrs. Robert C. Waterston (Anna Cabot Lowell Quincy), daughter of Josiah Quincy, President of Harvard College.

It is asserted by those curious in statistics that many thousand souls daily enter and leave this world by the pathways we call life and death. Of the ninety-one thousand who were born in November, 1770, and of the thousands who left it on the first day of February, 1866, few had lived thro' the track of time embraced between these two dates, ninety-six years, — a period which includes perhaps more vital changes, moral, mental, physical, political and domestic, than any of its predecessors. Yet a life has just closed among us which spanned this remarkable epoch. Elizabeth Clarke Copley, the daughter of the distinguished artist, John Singleton Copley, was born in November, 1770, in Boston, Massachusetts. In June, 1774, her father left America,

for London, and on May 17th Mrs. Copley and her three children followed him, sailing from Marblehead in 1775. This was the last ship bearing the ruling ensign of George III which passed over the waters of Massachusetts Bay then washing the rocks of a colony, which from henceforth were to dash against the shores of a Republic. Three little children played upon that deck. The boy of two years old (Lord Lyndhurst) destined to be a ruler among the people to whom he was going, and two little girls, the eldest of the group (Mrs. Gardiner Greene) having just closed her long life at the age of ninety-five years.

Soon after the artist's family had reached London, Copley's name had become known. In Sir Joshua Reynolds' memoir it is stated that among the pictures exhibited in the newly organized Academy, 1766, a self taught American artist contributes a portrait of "a boy with a flying squirrel." This picture, which first attracted public attention in London, is now in the possession of Mrs. James S. Amory, a grand-daughter of the painter. In 1777, Copley is again mentioned as a member of the Royal Academy and as contributing several pictures to the Exhibition. Thus, safely across the Atlantic, Mrs. Copley and her children were in their London home, the future Lord Chancellor playing perhaps by stealth with his father's paint brushes. Elizabeth Copley grew up in the atmosphere of a London artist's life, and many names which now appear almost

classic, must have been as household words, in her father's home. Edmund Quincy once playfully said to Mrs. Greene that he could not forgive her for not having seen Dr. Johnson, who might, just as well as not, have come rolling into Sir Joshua's painting room, some morning when she was there with her father, a girl of thirteen. But she could not recall such an interview, though she perfectly remembered Sir Joshua and other celebrities.

In July, 1800, in St. George's Church, London, Elizabeth Copley married Gardiner Greene of Boston, Massachusetts, no longer a colony, but one of the United States of America. The transition from London life to the then primitive state of society in New England, must have been a great change to the young lady. In after years she related her sensations on arriving in the morning of an intensely hot midsummer day. It was Sunday, and the good people were all going to church in square topped chaises, driven by negro boys who sat crossed legged in front to drive. A style of equipage which appeared new and odd to her, in her progress through the narrow streets. After church the news spread : a ship from London, and a bride, were arrivals that excited great interest in the quiet town, and all who had any right to claim acquaintance with Mr. Greene, flocked to the house to welcome the bridal party. We who have shared her hospitalities in after years, can readily imagine how gracefully they were

received. But grander duties awaited Mrs. Greene on the threshold of her new home ; three little children, called her as their father's wife, by the responsible name of mother. The first kiss of welcome was a pledge, faithfully kept, of that tenderness and fidelity with which she performed her part towards them. Her own children were not more carefully reared, and the experience of many years only strengthened the ties which bound the adopted ones to their mother. Our first personal recollections of Mrs. Greene are connected with one of the mansions of the past.

As we occasionally pass through the region of Pemberton Square, like poor Susan in Wordsworth's exquisite poem we see, "A mountain ascending, a vision of trees," a hanging garden rises before us and from the summit of its terraces we behold a wide sweep of land and sea. Half way between the garden and the street stands the white mansion, with its broad flights of steps, its paved court-yard, its ample door opening into the hall. The drawing rooms look towards the lower street, but from the cosy window seats in the dining room we see the garden white with snow or gay with flowers. We recall stately dinners, gay evening parties and wedding guests, and every where the lady of the mansion, a presiding presence. This noble mansion and its gardens, seem now like the baseless fabric of a vision. It was the home of Mrs. Greene for a life time as reckoned by common experience, yet after her husband's death,



THE GARDEN
On Cotton or Pemberton Hill

and when even the earth had been removed from where her home once stood, Mrs. Greene survived for more than thirty years. Several times she crossed the Atlantic; on the last occasion, when one of her family expressed some fears, that, at her advanced age, she might not return, she replied, "I wish to see my brother and sister once more. What matters it if I die in England; they will lay me near my parents." One incident in Mrs. Greene's life is too romantic to be omitted. Not long before, on one of her visits to London, Lord Lyndhurst had received a letter from the Executor of an old gentleman who had died in India. Among his effects was a miniature portrait of a young lady, and as the name "Miss Copley," was on a slip of paper pasted upon the back of the picture, the Executor sent it to Lord Lyndhurst, who bought it, previous to Mrs. Greene's arrival. Mrs. Greene instantly recognized it, as a portrait of herself when a girl of seventeen, painted by an amateur artist, a visitor at her father's house. By a singular chain of events the old lady of near eighty held in her hand "the counterfeit presentment" of herself, as a gay young girl, in a jaunty hat and coquettish air, while the yellow slip of paper on the portrait showed how carefully it had been preserved, associated with her name, through long reaches of time, under tropic skies, until it came as a messenger out of the dim past to greet her after the lapse of nearly seventy years.

When this long life, which had been prosperous and happy, to a rare degree, drew to its close, she once more became as a little child, the soul withdrawing itself to some mysterious shelter.

Tenderly cared for by her devoted children, she was shielded from all knowledge of passing events and from griefs which Providence did not intend she should share. And her last days like her first in the old Town of Boston were a child's life, — still and calm, the prelude of a fresh experience.

ANNA C. L. QUINCY WATERSTON,
May 31, 1886.





SIR ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, K. B.

LETTERS AND MEMORANDA
OF
SIR ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL

Prisoner of War, captured in Boston Bay, June 17, 1776

BY
ARCHIBALD M. HOWE



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A PART OF A PAPER READ BEFORE THE BOSTONIAN SOCIETY,
COUNCIL CHAMBER, OLD STATE HOUSE, DECEMBER 14, 1909, BY

ARCHIBALD M. HOWE



ALTHOUGH Lord Howe left Boston Sunday, March 17, 1776, and with him were refugees as well as soldiers, sailors and supplies, in all perhaps 11,000 persons and 170 ships, still British ships were hovering about our coast and in the town harbor for a considerable time. Benjamin Lincoln of Hingham, who was appointed Brigadier General in February, early in April, 1776, made a careful report upon the channels in the harbor and the points of land at Hull, Peddock's Island, Long Island and Moon Island,

where redoubts or other fortifications should be built, in addition to posts already tested along the shore to the southward, and proposed various other means of defense.

May 4, a Committee on fortifying Boston Harbor, reported fifty or sixty head of cattle at Nantasket with eleven vessels of the enemy in the Roads. They asked that fifty men be stationed there with proper boats. The same month, Lincoln was made Major General of Massachusetts Militia, and planned, commanded and successfully executed movements which finally drove the enemy from Boston Harbor, in June, 1776.

June 13, 1776, the inhabitants of the Town of Boston were made acquainted by beat of drum that an expedition was to be undertaken to annoy the British ships at Nantasket Roads. The attempt was completely successful and the English Commodore's (Banks') fleet of thirteen vessels was forced to put to sea. Thus, says one writer, "We have got rid of a nest of scoundrels the very day two years they blocked the harbor up." "The Enemy were compelled once more to make a disgraceful precipitate flight," says another.

Privateers were commissioned in 1775 and 1776, and several were active along the Massachusetts coast, some from each principal port, Boston, Salem and Newburyport. A list of those sailing from Salem during the Revolution gives the names, armaments and number of crews of one hundred and ninety-six vessels. On June 6th

a Marblehead privateer captured a transport named "Ann" under command of Captain Hamilton Maxwell of the 71st Highlanders. She was taken into Marblehead; sixty of the soldiers were carried to Plymouth; the officers and other men were sent to the Provost Prison in Boston under a strong guard from Colonel Glover's regiment at Marblehead.

Another account says that Friday, June 7, 1776, Captain Daniel Waters, in company with the Marblehead privateer, took a large ship from Scotland, having ninety-four Highlanders aboard, thirty to forty sailors, forty pieces of cannon, four to six pounders, six mounted on deck. This was probably the same vessel, the "Ann."

On Sunday afternoon, June 16, the Americans saw a ship and brigantine standing in for Light House Channel, chased and fired upon by four privateers who frequently exchanged broadsides. They were supposed to be a part of the Scotch fleet, some of whom had been captured a few days before off Cape Ann. Every man was called to quarters and one eighteen-pounder was carried to Point Allerton on purpose to hinder the retreat of the Scotsmen should they get into the Road opposite where we had three eighteen-pounders. After five o'clock the privateers left the ships and stood for the southward, when the ship and brigantine crowded on all sail for the main channel. "Our orders," writes an officer, "were not to fire until the last got abreast of us. In tacking she got aground just under our cannon when

we hailed her to strike to this Colony, — they refused and we fired our eighteen-pounder loaded with round and canister shot. When she struck and called out for quarter we ordered the boats and captain on shore and then fired at the ship — being dark we thought she had struck, and just then the privateers came up. A captain of the Highlanders in the brigantine's boat came ashore and soon after the Scotch ship got under way and stood for the Narrows, when a fine privateer brigantine, commanded by Captain Harding of New Haven (who we hear came in this bay for the purpose of meeting our old friend Darson), and five schooners gave chase. The brigantine came alongside when a hot engagement ensued which lasted three-quarters of an hour — when the ship struck. The brigantine of the Scots floating took advantage of the confusion and attempted to follow, both supposing the British in possession of Boston." Such is the American account of the Capture of Frazer's Seventy-first Highlanders, which were a portion of a regiment raised by Simon Frazer, Lord of Lovat and Member of Parliament, of which Sir Archibald Campbell of Dunderain near Inverary, Scotland, was Lieutenant Colonel, commanding the Second Battalion.

These Highlanders when captured said that they had been told before they sailed from Greenock that they were sent to take possession of forfeited farms, the rebels having been driven by the King's troops 100

•

miles into the country. More than one declared that out of the number enlisted in Scotland for the American service, 400 deserted between Perth and Greenock. It is said they were disappointed at not being part of the Black Watch and wished to wear the kilt.

Among the prisoners were many common laborers, flax dressers, shoemakers, tailors, weavers, plasterers, wrights and smiths, a salter, a land surveyor, and one merchant. They were in numerous cases accompanied by their wives and children, and although the Continental Congress had ordered that such prisoners were to be permitted to exercise their trades and to labor for support of their families, in the fall of 1776, the Sudbury townspeople were anxious to have their Highland guests removed to Framingham or elsewhere, because the Scots were not acquainted with our country ways of business and some of the women were already sick.

The wounded prisoners in the hospital when recovered were sent to the Sheriff at Ipswich, to be confined in jail or put out to work as in other cases of these Highlanders.

The Massachusetts Archives show that when the privates were put in charge of the Sheriffs and put to work, they were often removed hither and thither lest they should escape to the British forces. Taunton suggested that the Massachusetts authorities should send

the prisoners to Upton or elsewhere because Taunton River was too near the sea.

In some cases the Selectmen or Committees of Correspondence were directed to help in securing good lodgings for officers, and the Council were often appealed to to protect the prisoners from the scandalous treatment received from thoughtless and violent patriots. Judging from the accounts of their servants, their luggage, and their scale of living, the officers were fine gentlemen; they were allowed more freedom and some privileges. At least a few of them found relatives among the Bostonians, some who were personal acquaintances, and others who with them had friends in common. One such instance is recorded in the following letter¹ from Elizabeth Murray, then a young Boston girl, to Dorothy Forbes :

BOSTON, June 11, 1776.

Tuesday afternoon, 5 O'clock,
not dressed.

DEAR SISTER :

. Not many minutes after my aunt set out for Brush Hill, Prudence [Middleton, one of Mr. James Smith's nieces] came running up-stairs and asked if I had resolution to see the unhappy people you have heard of, to which I answered in the affirmative and set out immediately for Madam Apthorp's House, the Garden [now Pemberton Square] of which looks into the jail yard. When we arrived there Mrs. Snow conducted us to the fence where

¹ See p. 241, "James Murray, Loyalist."

we could see them and hear them speak, but not converse with them. We soon left her and went towards the Common A number of common soldiers of the Highlanders passed us with a guard. I regretted not speaking so I turned about and pursued as fast as my feet in high-heeled shoes would carry me. Vain was the attempt and we concluded it was best to return in hopes of meeting more when we turned about, and what was our surprise to see four officers with a guard. Prudence had told me the Duchess of Gordon's brother (whose name I knew to be Maxwell¹) was a prisoner. That and the great anxiety I was in for our Uncle² occasioned a wish to speak to them. The first three I had not resolution to stop, but went up to the last and asked the favor of being answered one question, and with a faltering voice asked if the First Battalion was come out to America. All the gentlemen turned round when I stopped the last. They informed me that Regiment was in England and to remain there. Joyful sound it was to me. Still trembling so as to be incapable of supporting myself without Prudence's assistance, I asked if either of the gentlemen were Captain Maxwell. A lovely youth, who appeared about twenty bowed an acknowledgement of that name. I inquired for his mother and sisters, who he told me he left well in Scotland six weeks ago. Here my voice failed, and we all remained silent for

¹ Maxwell was probably Hamilton Maxwell, Captain in command of transport "Ann," who was captured by American privateers and taken into Marblehead a week before Sir Archibald and the others surrendered in Boston Harbor. He commanded light infantry of the First Battalion of the 71st.

² Probably Bennet of First Battalion, 71st Regiment. See p. 139, "James Murray, Loyalist."

the space of a minute and parted without another word. 'Tis in vain to attempt a description of my emotions, at that moment. We went on, and they went to the jail to take leave of their Men, who are to be sent back into the Country to work for their living, and, it is expected, will join the American Army. This separation they say is very painful to the men who are still in this town. . . . Prudence and I walked through the different streets in hopes of having one more view of these unfortunate Youths (who are none of them thirty years of age) when, in turning up School Street by the Kings Chapel, we met some of the Guarded just come from the jail to bid their men adieu. Distress appeared in their countenances.

Prudence and I determined not to speak a second time, but when we come up to them they all stopped, and Maxwell drew near and inquired if I knew his mother and sisters, to which I answered, I had been frequently in company with them in Edenborough. I asked him in return if he knew Lady Don's family [a cousin of James Murray] and if they were well, which he told me they were. With almost my former agitation, I wished them health and happiness, and they soon after set out in Paddock's Coach and four for Concord, where they are to stay.

These Scotsmen had embarked towards the last of April, 1776, on seven ships from Greenock; they were accompanied by an armed vessel. Each transport was also armed. The names of the transports were the "George," "Experiment," "Annabella," "Millam," "Henry and Joseph," "Lord Howe," and "Ann," each

carrying about 100 men and officers. Sir Archibald Campbell was on board the "George," which carried an armament of three four-pounders and two three-pounders. In the third week of the voyage a violent gale arose and separated the fleet from the convoy, scattering the transports in all directions. Some of them found their way safely to New York, but the "George," "Experiment," "Annabella," "Millam," and "Henry and Joseph," remained together some time longer.

May 18th, Lieutenant Colonel Campbell took command of the fleet. After seven weary weeks at sea, the "George" and "Annabella," bearing two companies of the Seventy-first, sighted Cape Ann, and at daybreak on June 16th, they were at the entrance of Boston Harbor, when they received severe treatment from the Americans as has been stated. When Campbell appeared at Boston Light he was not aware of the capture a week earlier of the transport "Ann," under command of Captain Hamilton Maxwell, which had been taken into Marblehead, nor was he prepared for battle with four American privateers that bore down upon the "George." At four o'clock in the morning the "Annabella" was near by, but the American privateers were joined by the brig "Defence" and a schooner, so that Campbell was hemmed in and his ship ran aground. In spite of a valorous fight, losing officers and men, he was obliged to surrender.

June 19, 1776, Captain Lawrence Campbell, in command of transport "Lord Howe," stood into Boston Harbor, ignorant of all that had happened, and of course was compelled to surrender.

These captured vessels were condemned as prizes and sold at auction. The sheriff's notice shows that the Ship "Lord Howe" was about 230 tons, built by a Mr. Walker in Boston about three years before her capture; that the Ship "George" was about 250 tons, built at Falmouth (now Portland) about two years before her capture, and the Brig "Annabella" was built in Virginia about a year and a half before her capture. These ships were sold at ten o'clock, Wednesday, June 21, with fifty chaldrons of Scotch coal.

The most important among these Scotch prisoners of war was Lieutenant Colonel Archibald Campbell. He was born August 21, 1739, at the Castle of Dundarave near Inverary, where his father, James Campbell, of Inverneill, was then living as Chamberlain of Argyll.

He entered the army in 1757, and served in the campaign before Quebec and was wounded there. Until 1763 he was in the Engineer Corps, most of the time with the rank of Captain. In 1767 he went to Bengal as Chief Engineer with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, and there "acquired additional marks of distinction from his Sovereign, and an independent fortune, with an unblemished reputation."

In 1774 he was elected to the House of Commons for the Borough of Stirling, but on the outbreak of American hostilities he coöperated with Simon Frazer, Lord of Lovat and Member of Parliament, in raising the regiment known as Frazer's or Seventy-first Highlanders, of which he became Lieutenant Colonel.

Some of his letters, written during the time he was a prisoner of war, are still in existence and make interesting reading. Those given below were for the most part addressed to Mrs. Inman, of Boston, the sister of James Murray, a loyalist, who when twenty-seven years old and for many years after, held office as Councillor for North Carolina.

Early in the year 1739 he brought this sister to North Carolina. Five years later she returned to Southern Scotland, visiting relations and friends in Selkirkshire, Edinborough, and thereabouts; then coming to Boston in 1749, when about twenty-four years of age she began business, having provided herself with a stock of millinery and dry goods and with credit with London merchants.

Her business as a rule ran smoothly. She lived on King street (now State) with Mrs. Barker, carrying on her business at the corner of Cornhill and Queen street, now the Ames Building corner. She married, October 27, 1755, Thomas Campbell, son of James Campbell, one of the landowners in the Cape Fear settlement when Murray lived there. Campbell died

in a few years, and the widow continued in business but a very short time after her husband's death; for on March 3d, 1760, she married James Smith, a sugar baker in Brattle street, a prominent member of King's Chapel, possessed of a large estate, including a house on Queen street (now Court street) and a country place at Brush Hill, Milton.

Mr. Smith died in 1769, whereupon all his affairs came into her hands by the terms of his will. Two years later, September 25th, 1771, she married Ralph Inman, a man of much local distinction and large estates in Cambridge, Boston, Point Shirley, and in country towns. When the 19th of April, 1775, came, Mrs. Inman was in the Inman house in Cambridgeport. There she was left in charge with her nephew, John Innes Clark, and servants. Her letters show her skill in protecting property, gathering growing crops, and her diplomacy in dealing with General Israel Putnam, who took the house for his headquarters. On the 17th of June, 1775, she was obliged to leave this house for Brush Hill, her estate which was not confiscated when the Inman Farm was taken.

As to her prior acquaintance with Sir Archibald Campbell I know nothing, but apparently there was some former friendship or kinship between Mrs. Inman and Lieutenant Colonel Archibald Campbell or others of his command, as it appears from Captain John Bradford's writings (the Continental Agent at

Boston) that when the Colonel's property had been inspected at Hancock's Wharf, June 18th or thereabouts, 1776, by Colonel John Winthrop and Foster Condry, and his baggage sent to him, Mrs. Inman made application for barley and oatmeal for the Colonel, and Bradford gave him a barrel of barley and two of oatmeal out of the cargo.

He did not long remain in Boston, but was sent with twenty-two servants (including four women and two children), to minister to his comfort, to Captain Nathan Parker's house in Reading, Massachusetts. Others captured with him were sent to the same town. The officers could travel about within a radius of six miles. Repeatedly they made demands for rations for their servants from the public stores of the Colony. Soon, however, Campbell was obliged to dismiss some of his servants, and later when General Charles Lee was captured in December, 1776, Campbell being the most distinguished prisoner of war then held by the Americans, became the serious object of the attention of the Continental Congress when retaliatory plans were instituted under order of January 6, 1777.

February 1, 1777, poor Campbell began his unhappy experience in Concord jail, a place then obviously unfit for a prisoner of war of any civilized nation as we now consider places of detention. Two weeks later he addressed the "American Commander General" (Sir William Howe), as follows on the condition of Concord jail : —

SIR :

After the Subject of my first epistle to your Excellency, when the fortune of War had placed me in the hands of the Americans you will think it strange, that at this period, I shou'd be compelled to exhibit Sentiments so diametrically opposite, and yet equally consistent with truth.

Your Excellency was informed on that occasion, that I had received from those who took me, and from the Controlling Power at Boston, every mark of humanity, and treatment suitable to my Rank; but . . . I am persuaded you are yet a stranger to the return which I at this hour experience, after a well meant endeavor to suppress what but too often happens in civil controversy the chance of ill grounded misrepresentation.

Scarce eight days had elapsed, after the period of my first address when I found myself striped of half my private property the very necessities of life; and I have been lately informed, that the Side-Arms of my Officers have actually been disposed of, notwithstanding they were honorably restored to them by the Captors. I was however sent upon my Parole of honor to Reading as an officer, where I resided till the 1st of this month; during which time, it was even beyond the power of malevolent aspersion to charge my conduct justly with impropriety.

On the first of February I was committed by an order of Congress thro' the Council at Boston, to the common Gaol of Concord; intimating for a reason, that your Excellency had refused to Exchange General Lee for Six Field Officers (of whom I happened to be one) and that your Excellency had put that Officer under custody of the Provost.

How far it may be consistent to ill-treat an officer, because his Commander does not chuse to accept of a Profered Barter of that nature, is left to reason and future consequences to decide; especially when it is considered that there is no personal Charge against that officer, and that the *publick faith and honor of America* was pledged for his being treated as a Gentleman.

Had I been a Major General on this occasion I shou'd have expected your Excellency wou'd have exchanged me for General Lee; but as no table of valuation has yet been established in War, for the integral parts of Military rank I have only on this occasion to regret the deficiency.

With respect to your Excellency's treatment of General Lee, I can scarcely think it similar to mine; but that you may be able with more precision to decide on that point I shall briefly state my present unmerited condition.

I am lodged in a dungeon of about 12 or 13 feet square whose sides are black with the greese and litter of successive Criminals. Two doors with double locks and Bolts shut me up from the yard, with an express prohibition to enter it either for my health or the necessary calls of nature. Two small windows strongly grated with Iron, introduce a gloomy light to my Apartment; and they are at this hour, without a single Pane of Glass, altho' the Season for Frost and Snow is actually in the extreme. In the Corner of this Cell, boxed up with the partition, stands a necessary House, which does not seem to have been emptied since its first appropriation to the convenience of Malefactors.

A lothsome black Hall decorated with a pair of fixed chairs, is granted me for my inner Apartment, from whence

a person was but the moment before removed to make way for your Humble Servant; and in which his litter and his very excrement to this hour remain.

The attendance of a single Servant on my Person is also denied me and every visit from a friend positively refused. In short, were a fire to take place in any Chamber of the Gaol, which is all of wood the Chimney stacks excepted, I might perish in the flames, before they cou'd go thro' the ceremony of unbolting the doors, altho' the keeper to do him justice in his Station I really think is a man of attention and humanity his House is so remote from the Gaol, that any call from within especially if the wind is high might be long reaching him effectually.

Thus I have stated to Your Excellency the particulars of my situation how far I had claim to expect it, Reason and propriety will dictate.

I have the Honor to be with great respect, Sir

Your Excellencys Most faithfull and

Most Obedient Humble

Servant

Feb'y 14th, 1777.

N. B. This letter went open to the Council of Boston on the 17th of February to be forwarded to General Howe but the motives why it was not forwarded, may be better conjectured than that it produced however the good effect of removing Lieut. Colo'l Campbell from the Dungeon to an apartment in the Gaolers house on his Parole of honor not to go 50 yards in any direction from it but this was after being 34 days and nights confined in the condemned Hall of Malefactors.

Although Colonel Campbell charged that his baggage was plundered, John Bradford, Agent for the Continental Government, replied that he asked Colonel John Winthrop and Mr. Foster Condy to inspect baggage, which they were kind enough to do in the presence of Colonel Campbell and the officers, and after inspection it was sent to the respective lodgings of the officers at public expense. These officers acknowledged the civilities offered them.

Bradford further reports to General Ward that the taking of side arms was not violent. The quartermaster had them six weeks before Bradford received them. They lay rusting in his office and finally were sold.

As late as April 2, 1777, Campbell complained about the disposition of one cask of Westphalia Hams, one cask of corned beef, one of salt butter, five casks containing forty-five dozen wine, forty dozen of wine, twenty of bottled porter, ten of bottled beer, besides canteens, tents, etc.

A few weeks later he writes as follows to Mrs. Inman :—

LIBERTIES OF CONCORD GAOL

18th April 1777.

Lieut. Colol. Campbell returns a thousand thanks to Mrs. Inman for her obliging note of yesterday. Altho he has just cause to regret the disappointment of her friendly visit, yet such was the state of the Weather, he is happy she had not ventured abroad.

Dr. Squintum¹ used to say "We shall all of us have our call sooner or later"—Had he lived in these days, the unfortunate part of the 71st Regt. would have certainly stoned him for his Heresy. Even at this late hour the Colol. cannot see the light, nor does he expect *Regeneration* till some guardian angel from the Banks of the Walga, or the Rhine Envelopes his present Castle. The Colol. however hopes that when his more happy friends at Reading quit their abode for Rhode Island; he may yet be permitted to return there in peace, retired from noise and insult, which he thinks ought not to be a necessary attendant on a Prisoner of War; For this purpose he has again addressed the Chairman Mr. Bowdoin whom he has always found the Gentleman, and sent him the list of the Servants he wishes to have kept along with him. He has also addressed Genl. Heath, and to prevent objections, he has sent him a letter of Certificate for the Commissary at Rhode Island in behalf of the King, that an equal number of American prisoners be liberated on their Paroles to render this Indulgence to a British Officer just and adequate. The Colol. has however had intimation that it was likely he would be sent farther up the Country than Reading; and has therefore requested of Mr. Bowdoin if that alternative was necessary, he might be sent either to *Dunstable*, or *Lancaster*, in preference to any other Quarter. The Colol. has also a project in view to write thro the Council to Genl. Howe, that he might be exchanged for Colol. Ethan Allen. There was an advertisement to this effect in the Publick prints many months ago, which if the

¹ Dr. Squintum was a name given Geo. Whitefield by Samuel Foote (1720-1777).

Colol. could obtain from Boston might facilitate the operation. If Mrs. I. knew any friends of Colol. Allen, who would at the same time co-operate in his behalf with the Congress, success might be rendered more certain.

The Colol. is actually ashamed for this long troublesome Card, but a Gaol Bird may take many liberties which a moral good Character would not attempt. The Colol. however desires his most Cordial Wishes to Mrs. I. and all friends, and Pardon from Mrs. Inman upon his knees.

In May, 1777, Campbell was allowed better quarters in Concord and finally, November 21, 1777, he was paroled to stay in Concord. While this was hard to bear he at least had some personal comfort until exchanged for Ethan Allen, May, 1778.

Washington deplored the unnecessary ill treatment of Campbell, and 1 March, 1777, told Congress of the character of Campbell's incarceration. March 14, 1777, Congress declared that the intention was that Colonel Campbell should be confined without other hardship than was necessary for securing him to meet any fate that befell General Charles Lee. However much we may now regret the difficulty in exchanging Campbell, it was not the deliberate purpose of any authority to cause the unnecessary delay; it was the attempt of each side parleying to settle special cases, while general principles were pending before a very uncertain tribunal, the Continental Congress, groping its way toward forming a new nation.

The delay and suspense were terribly wearing on Campbell, as his letter to Mrs. Inman, written in May, 1777, shows :—

I consider myself more indebted to your goodness than I have words to express. My consolation is, that as everything in life has its end, the unmerited Sufferings which I may experience may one day have their termination. I am happy enough to possess fortitude to smile at the frowns of adverse fate ; and believe me, I have too much native pride not to hold such mean, Cowardly treatment of me, in the highest contempt. I am sorry to learn the distant prospect of a Genl. Exchange. We owe it to two causes, too much generosity on one side, and an equal share of infamy on the other. I leave you to apply the relationship.

That Treachery may have been deeply meditated, does not at all surprize me. I cannot however recollect any advice being asked of me, where I put it in the power of any to betray it. Knowing well the infamy of the times, I am particularly cautious in my conversation and advice ; but it is impossible to be guarded against the villainy of Misrepresentation. Where I may be sent in consequence I know not ; if to the Black Hole again, I shall congratulate my little friends the Mice on their meeting with some more Cheese than they taste at present within their regions, would to Heaven the *Yankees* were so honest and humane as those little Urchins ! If I am sent anywhere else, I have the comfortable reflection I cannot be worse, nor in no Spot where I have a better Chance of losing the knowledge of all that is in heaven above or on the Earth beneath.

Felons, like me, have no right to Morality, nor to the innocent sports of Society. I am sorry to learn such tidings of *our friends* with you, I wish from my Soul it were possible to avoid giving cause of notice, or unbecoming distinctions at this hour of distraction; Prudence ought to shut the honest lips of truth, so long as that Virtue is banished from among you; but this I say with all due respect to the Supreme Judge of Council, *The Honble. Joyce Junr. Esqr.* Give him my wishes, he may guess their Sincerity.

On Tuesday or Wednesday at farthest I think of again addressing the Great for a removal somewhere; I care not where indeed, so that I can have my Servants and Effects along with me, and God knows that is no unreasonable request for a Prisoner of War, unless humanity and kindness are reckoned amongst these Saints Crimes more atrocious than Oppression and Cruelty. Did it fall in your way to corroborate the application it would add to the many instances of your regard to which I am already under the highest obligations. The novelty of this hand and Subscription may make you stare, but in difficult times, it is best to vary the original Character, and therefore I shall hereafter but without change of Sentiment or respect, be your much obliged H'le Serv't.

Torelany.

Don't forget this
new appellation.

It is but natural to expect that such worry and confinement should have its effect. That this was so is evidenced in the following letter:—

SATURDAY

DEAR MADAM :

I beg leave to resume expressing my most grateful acknowledgements for your trouble in my commissions, and your great anxiety about my sorethroat — Your prescription is so physical it has already wrought like a Charm, and I tell the Doctor he must anew study the rudiments of his profession.

I have found extreme great relief from the Barberry Gargle, and am now restored to tollerable health. . . .

We have got a great many of our stores from Mr. Breck, but have not got an ounce of two articles we are much distressed for — Butter and Coffee. I must beg of you to talk to him about the Coffee particularly, and to let us have in the meantime as much as the bearer will carry with him on Thursday.

I understand this day that Mr. McLain¹ and some more of the Gentlemen with him have been obliged from necessity to return on board Guard Ship, as the inhabitants refused supplying them the necessaries of life without payment in hard money. . . .

Your most obliged

Humble Servt.

A — C. —

I paid the bearer for the Hartshorn.

It will be noticed that in these letters frequent mention is made of rather free communication between the prisoners and those friendly to them.

¹ Archibald McLain, Lieut. 2d Battalion, 71st Regiment.

The liberty of passing from place to place where different prisoners were living, although the traveller might be an innocent guest, naturally excited the ardent patriots, and the newspapers of the time reflected their feelings. Four pounds reward to any captive who returned to any gaol in the State or gave intelligence of or conveyed John Division, Andrew Wilkes and James McArthur to the Committee of Safety of Reading, was advertised in the "*Continental Journal*" of Thursday, August 7, 1777. "They are clad in white linen jackets; in one case in white breeches; one has a feather cap." These were no doubt privateers.

Robert Pierpont, Commissioner of Prisoners of War, made the following appeal in the "*Boston Gazette*" (28th July, 1777): "Hear to Reason — Tell me where Prisoners are concealed that are taken and brought into Boston and other Sea Ports — or will you feed and employ them when they ought to be sent in exchange for our brethren? People of Eastern Ports ask me to get exchanges but do not help. My office is at upper corner of Court Street."

"As a practice prevails (says a correspondent)¹ of idle women resorting to the prisons where the British and Hessian Prisoners are confined and as dangerous Disorders generally accompany such Prostitutes, it is therefore recommended to those whose Business it is to

¹ "*New England Chronicle*," Boston, July 31, 1777.

prevent such practices. Some of the Prisoners above mentioned have been conducted from Cambridge to Concord to see their friends, *not to carry intelligence to and from Colonel Campbell* but perhaps to acquaint the Colonel of their pleasant situation, and how they are visited by Mrs. Inman from Boston, who drank coffee with them a few evenings since. Oh! America, America, Alas! for your Simplicity, May your Children exert themselves with more Vigor or they will be undone."

These advertisements do not seem to have had great effect, but probably influenced Campbell to give up signing his letters with his own name, and to adopt the pen name, "Torelany" (often abbreviated to "T.").

Meantime communication went on much as before, but under some restriction, as witnessed by the following letter:—

3D SEPT'R.

Dr. MADAM.

. Your wish about the Articles of Provisions is sufficient and satisfactory. The team goes down on Thursday or Friday next. The *damned* Tory who used to go, would not go against the Regulars, when draughted out; for which he was handsomely *pricked with Bayonets* on his tother Side, and debared receiving commissions of the like nature in future — A true and trusty States friend is now employed, for the benefit of the Publick in this way, and you of course will guard accordingly.

The Porter has Saved me, next to the good Doctor of your town, from destruction, and has actually placed me

much sooner on my legs than it is possible to conceive; your kindness in thinking of a Gaol Bird at that Crisis, was only a confirmation of your former acts of unmerited attention; too kind to be expected, and too valuable to be expressed. I had commissioned many Dozns. from Mr. B. which renders it unnecessary to turn a Marauder of your Cellars. A thousand thanks for what you were already pleased to Send. . . .

Your Most Obedt. H'ble Serv't,

T.

P. S. I intend to call you in future,

*Arcté Constance.*¹

Colonel Campbell bore his misfortunes with some philosophy, but it is apparent that he could not believe in any permanent success for the American army. He writes under date of October 23, 1777:—

Lying is become so fashionable in State Policy nowadays, that we doubt the truth whenever it may appear; but I will venture to assure you that what I hint at with respect to a Serious day of reckoning will as assuredly take place as I write this Billedoux. — Be mindful therefore to get your accots. ready, clear and concise — Justice will yet reign triumphant.

We have had so many Political lyes of late about the Lambkins beating off the Mastifs, that I grow grey with their impudent affrontery. Scarce has one lye evaporated than afresh one appears more exaggerated and more absurd. The Mastif however is I hope Safe at Philadelphia.

¹ Thereafter his letters to Mrs. Inman were addressed to "Constantia."

The *Ghost* [of Tryon] has been playing devils along the Banks of a great river. I wish to Heaven the *cowardly* Gentleman [Burgoyne] had more power to support him — However, if a Rat is pushed hard, it will bite confoundedly. Should anything new occur, for pity to the afflicted let us hear it by the Wheelbarrow. — Or the Bearer.

There is a new Book published (called the Art of War by the Chevalier de Valiere) at I. Douglass McDougall Stationer opposite to the Old South meeting house at Boston — Could Constantia find the means of Purchasing it for Terelany it might make *a great Captain of Him*, and give him amusement in the present hour. — To all who honor him with their remembrance Terelany begs his best wishes and to the fair his most ardent respects.

I am with great Truth

T.

Campbell wrote to Colonel Webb from Concord, 8th January, 1778, that Ethan Allen's friends were not powerful enough to get the Council at Boston to allow him to go on parole to New York where he could have helped Allen. The letter given in part below refers to this fact : —

A. CAMPBELL

Jan. 4 12th 1778.

The arrival of Colol. Webb in all probability will not take place before certain intelligence from Congress, or Genl. Washington, on the Subject of his request is received. T. has requested of the Colol. in pressing terms, to obtain his permission to go to Rhode Island on Parole where he may in

the meantime be employed in adjusting matters on his part to facilitate an Exchange. The difference of rank being likely, on the part of the British, to give cause of objection.

Of all the great men of Congress, at, or near Boston, S. Adams alone has been so obliging as to answer T's Solicitation in his behalf with the Council. T. considers himself exceedingly obliged by the polite and ready attention he is pleased to Show upon the occasion.

Should — have heard anything further of Colol. Webb, I. will be much obliged for the intelligence. Much is again talked of with respect to Genl. Lee's exchange; and of course a Genl. one; is the report any way founded on truth?

Elias Boudinot, a lawyer and philanthropist, about thirty-three years old, who held decided views, had been appointed Commissioner for Exchanges, but after service of a little over a year wrote from camp on the 18th of April, 1778, of the Councils (that is the different States' Councils) as continually militating against one another, and confesses that the orders issued in his department are so various and contradictory that he is rejoiced that his time is so near at an end. In short he writes, "We must appear in the most ridiculous view to the Enemy. . . . I heartily feel for our Worthy General who ought to be a saint instead of a mere man. . . . He is sensibly affected in every thing that touches his honor and this is too often wounded."

After many months' delay matters respecting Colonel Campbell's exchange began to approach their conclusion,

and Joshua Mersereau, Agent of Elias Boudinot, the General Officer in reference to Prisoners of War, visited Campbell.

WEDNESDAY MORN'G, 10th March, 1778.

The *Mortal* Mr. Mersereau paid a visit lately to Colol. Campbell who longed exceedingly to have the honour of his company. But nothing decisive has taken place in consequence with respect to his exchange on Parole, because, although a letter was brought from Mr. Boudinot, the Commissary Genl. of Prisoners with Congress, which expressly said that Colol. Campbell was immediately to be sent into New York; yet as Mr. Mersereau has never received that letter, which it seems the Gentleman who brought it put into the Post Office on his arrival at Boston, there remains no power or Authority with him to forward that damnd regular upon the ipse dixit of such an officer. I think the name of this Officer is Hopkinson and belongs to the Cavalry. I hear that the Colol. has again wrote to Congress, and Mr. Boudinot on this Subject, and has sent it by the Bearer under cover to Mr. Breck to be forwarded without loss of time to Genl. Heath, who sends off an express either this even'g or tomorrow morning for Congress. If Constantia can forward this Service I am sure the Colo. will think himself infinitely obliged.

If Constantia has had an opportunity to procure for T. the Continentals, he took the liberty to write for; it will much oblige him in sending 1000 dollars pr. bearer. Colol. Campbell I understand, has sent by this occasion Bills to Miss Murray for £100 Sterling. — If 1000 or more dollars could be had soon T. would be exceedingly obliged; having

information when they could be expected, that B. (who is at present lame) might be sent for them they are for the Prisoners on Board the Guard Ship. . . .

T. has learnt that these d——nd Regulars have sent in, to demand Genl. Burgoyne. He hopes the true Sons of L——y have given an answer suitable to their dignity, and spirited disrespect.

In May, 1778, Lieutenant Colonel Campbell was at Morristown offering aid to Mr. Boudinot at New York in furthering some immediate relief for our suffering prisoners. The result was that Mr. Boudinot with Colonel Campbell was courteously treated in New York by Major General Daniel Jones of the British army and by General Valentine Jones, the Commandant of that city.

Through this agency Mr. Boudinot completely carried out the proposed exchanges, with the addition of twenty-five officers and about twenty privates, servants of General Burgoyne, Colonel Campbell, and others.

Boudinot's letter to Washington, dated Baskenridge, May 13, 1778, ends with these words, "I cannot but mention the service I received from Colonel Campbell, who seems determined to interest himself in mitigating the rigors of captivity, which he *appears well acquainted with.*"

Colonel Campbell was subsequently a brilliant leader of the British in Georgia. In 1779 he returned to Scotland and married the daughter of Allan Ramsay,

of Kinkell, the painter, grand-daughter of the poet of that name.

Because of his success in the Georgia campaign, it is said, the King appointed him Lieutenant Governor of Jamaica. He became Governor in 1782, was commissioned Major General in 1783, and for several years held high rank in India. He was created Knight of the Bath, and in the army was made Colonel of the Seventy-fourth Highlanders, which he raised for service in India.

After a few months' service, he resigned and sailed for home in poor health. He returned to Parliament, in 1790, but served only until March 31, 1791, when he died in his fifty-second year. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The harsh treatment which was accorded Col. Campbell and many other prisoners of war was certainly not caused by a deliberate purpose to be brutal. In all cases where active rebellion against well established governments having power to sustain themselves exists, when the rebels capture men, the question of their parole and exchange becomes most urgent and difficult. The recognition of a *de facto* government, or a combination which can sustain itself and compel citizens or subjects to contribute to its support against the power of the established government, is a matter involved when exchange of prisoners is to be agreed upon.

It is little wonder that in such circumstances negotiations were slow, rather is it surprising that they could finally be consummated in the face of the varied actions of undisciplined frontiersmen and militiamen, which were often not in accordance with the so-called "Rules of Civilized Warfare." The ultimate completion of the exchange was surely one of the first triumphs of American diplomacy.



ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

SELECTED FROM THE

COLLECTIONS OF THE SOCIETY

WITH NOTES BY

WALTER K. WATKINS



ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS.

This Indenture Witneseth, That Thomas Hancock Son of John Hancock of Lexington in the County of Middlesex in the Province of the Massachusetts Bay, in New England, Clerk, of his own free and voluntary will, and with the Consent of his Father doth put himself Apprentice unto Samuel Gerrish of Boston in the County of Suffolk, in the Province aforesaid, and Sarah his Wife to Learn the Art or Trade of a Book-binder. After the manner of an Apprentice to dwell and Serve from the first day of July, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Seventeen, Until the first day of July which will be in the year of our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and Twentyfour; during all which term of Seven years the Said Apprentice his Said Master and Mistress well and faithfully shall serve, their Secrets keep, their Commands (Lawfull and honest) every where gladly do and perform, Hurt to his Said Master or Mistress he shall not do, nor of others see or know to be done, but he shall to his power Let, or hinder, or forthwith discover and give warning to his Said Master or Mistress of the Same. The Goods of his said Master or Mistress he shall not lend unlawfully, nor waste. . . . Matrimony he shall not Contract. Taverns or Alehouses he shall not frequent. At Cards, Dice, or any

other unlawful Games he shall not play. From his Said Masters or Mistresses Service day or night he shall not unlawfully absent himself; but in all things as a faithfull Servant and Apprentice, Shall behave himself towards his Said Master and Mistrefs during the above Said Term. And the Said Master and Mistrefs in the Art which he now Useth, after the best Manner they may or can, shall teach, instruct, & inform or cause to be taught and informed the Said Apprentice; finding for and to him the Said Apprentice, Meat, Drink, Washing and Lodging, as well in Sickness as in health, during the Said Term of Seven years. And to the performance of the Covenants, and Agreements above Each of the said parties bindeth himself to the other by these presents.

In witness where of the Parties aforesaid, to these Indentures Interchangeably have set to their hands and Seals this Twentieth day of May, Anno Domini, 1718. In the fourth Year of his Majties Reign.

Signed Sealed & delivered

Thomas Hancock

in presence of

Benjamin Gray

John Hancock

John Edwards Junr.



Thomas Hancock, son of Rev. John Hancock, was born in Lexington, 13 July, 1703, where his father had been settled minister in 1698. He was therefore fifteen years old when apprenticed to Samuel Gerrish 20 May, 1718. Gerrish was the son of Rev. Joseph Gerrish of Wenham and was born there. He had served his ap-

prenticeship to Richard Wilkins, who had come from Limerick, Ireland, in 1684, to Boston.

It is probable that Hancock continued with Gerrish and was with him, 3 December, 1723, when he and Gerrish witnessed a deed of Andrew Cunningham. In the summer of 1724 Hancock was in Plymouth, England, where he with Andrew Sigourney and others witnessed a document before a Notary Public of Plymouth, England.

Gerrish married as his first wife, a daughter of Judge Samuel Sewall, and on her death he married in 1712, Sarah, daughter of John Coney the brazier and goldsmith. In 1718 Gerrish had his shop at the lower end of Cornhill (now Washington Street) near the Old Brick Meeting House.

When Hancock returned from England he opened a book shop on Ann Street (now North Street), near the Drawbridge. In 1728 he opened an account with Daniel Henchman, the stationer and bookseller. In the same year he joined with Henchman, Benjamin Faneuil and Henry Phillips in the manufacture of paper under a patent granted by the General Court of Massachusetts. In 1729 we find him at his shop, the "Bible and Three Crowns" near the Town Dock.

He married, 5 November, 1730, Lydia, daughter of Daniel and Elizabeth (Gerrish) Henchman, and on the death of his father-in-law succeeded to the business in which he had previously been a partner.

SUFFOLK S. S. Anne, by the Grace of God of England
Scotland France and Ireland Queen De-
fender of the Faith, &^{ca}



To the Sheriff of our County of Suffolk
his under Sheriff or Deputy Greeting—

Information and Complaint being made to us the subscribers two of her Maj^{ty}s Justices of the peace in the County of Suffolk. Quorum Unus &^{ca} by Samuel Winkley of Boston in the County aforefd Mariner That Samuel Adams Labourer and Hannah Adams Spinster both of Boston aforefd. Have ever since yesterday being the Twenty ninth of this Instant July forcibly detained from the Complainant the pofession of a certain Dwellinghouse and Malt house thereunto appertaining at the South End of Boston in which Dwellinghouse the fd complainant for above a year and anhalf last past quietly hath dwelt and Inhabited. and the fd. Samuel and Hannah Adams do yet forcibly hold & detain from the Improvement & possession of the compl^t. the Dwellinghouse and Malthouse aforefd.

These are therefore in her Maj^{ties} name pursuant to the Law of this province to authorise and Command you to summon & Cause to come before us at four of the Clock in the afternoon of the day of the date hereof Eighteen sufficient & indifferent persons dwelling near unto the sd Tenem^{ts} &^{ca} each of whom to have freehold Lands or Tenements of the yearly value of forty shillings at the least well and truly to enquire of the forcible Detainer aforefd: Hereof fail not on peril of the penalty in the Law in that Cafe made & provided and make due return of this Writt at the time within mentioned. for all which this shall be your sufficient Warrant.

Given under our hands & seals this Thirtieth day of July
in the sixth year of her Maj^{ties} Reign Annoq Do^m. 1707.

You are also to summon the
sd Samuel & Hannah Adams

to attend at the time & place

Paul Dudley

w^{ch} will be the Whitehorse

Inn at the fourth end in Bof-

Samuel Lynde

} Quo^m Unus

ton you are also to summon

as witneffes John Manning,

Robert Guttridge, & Peter Wyer to attend at time & place.

The back of this warrant bears the following return :

Suffolk fs Boston July 30th 1707.

Wherefore to this Warrant I have summonsed those men
heare under named to Serve as Ju^{ros} on this occason
as this Warrant dericts to wit as follas that is to say

Dismissd James Mofsman

Giles Dyer, Sheriff

Henry Hill

Richard Payne

John Toolman

Sampson More

John Baard.

Jonathan Simpson

Sam^{ll} Toorey

James Webbster

Savill Simpson Foreman.

Josiah Francklyn

Sam^{ll} Gray

Edward Gray

Joseph Hill.

Joseph Brisco.

Sam^{ll} Pearce

Richard Kattes Defalt

Sam^{ll} Bridge

It Likewaise All Persons Conserved

G. D. Sheriff.

John Adams, son of Joseph and grandson of Henry Adams, was born in Braintree in 1661. He was a sea captain and later settled down in Boston as a malster and founded the brewing business, later carried on by his son Samuel and his grandson Samuel, the patriot.

John Adams married (1), Hannah, daughter of Christopher and Hannah (Scott) Webb, of Braintree, and had Hannah (born 1685), John, Samuel (born 1689), and Abigail. On the death of his first wife he married (2), in 1694, Hannah, daughter of Anthony and Hannah (Wheelwright) Checkley. By his second wife John Adams had Joseph, Mary, Bethiah, Thomas and Abijah.

John Adams died 2 November, 1702, "a very good man," and his widow Hannah married, 12 December, 1705, Captain Samuel Winkley, who came from Lancashire to Kittery, about 1680. Winkley married in 1684, Sarah, daughter of Francis and Sarah Trickey. He was administrator of the estate of his mother-in-law, Sarah Trickey, in April, 1703, and lived on the Trickey place in Kittery. This was situated on Gunnison Point where it adjoined the property of Elihu Gunnison. A

dispute between the two tried at York, Me., was appealed to the Superior Court of Judicature held in Boston. While attending the trial Winkley saw the widow Adams and later married.

In improving the estate on Fort Hill of her former husband, John Adams, Winkley had a malt-house built by Samuel Bridge, a carpenter. Bridge sued Winkley for the work and lumber. Winkley then sued John Webb, of Braintree, executor of John Adams, for the cost of the malt house built by Bridge. Winkley also sued Hannah, daughter of John Adams by his first wife, for meat, drink, washing, clothing and lodging for eighteen months in the sum of eighteen pounds. She proved by witnesses that she had worked and helped her mother by services. This suit was lost by Winkley as were the others to which he was a party.

The action of which we print the warrant for a jury was against the daughter previously mentioned and her brother Samuel who was the father of the Patriot. The hearing was held at the White Horse Inn which stood on the west side of Washington Street between Avery and Boylston Streets. No record is to be found of the verdict of the jury. Meanwhile Mrs. Hannah Adams-Winkley died and Captain Winkley returned to Portsmouth, and again in 1712 married Elizabeth Fernald, and died there in 1736, aged about 70 years.

Dorchester Aprill ye 28 1712. To Mag^r. Lenard, Sir aftar my Sarvis Humbly presented unto your worships: these are to inform you the m^r. Thom^s Stevens Nath^l Stevens and Benⁿ Lenard: sometime sence came to my house Late in ye evening on ye Laste day of ye week: and aftar some discours betwen them about thire going on thire jurnny thay concluded to tary all night by reson of ye exsesive darknes of ye seson for it was exseeding dark: and so far to goe away very early on ye Saboath day morning for thay weare in hope that thay should get in good seson to norton meeting: but thay tolde me that thay woold have taryed over ye Saboath with us but by reson of sickness in thire family thay could not stay: and so ye moved away upon thire jorny very early in ye morn^g: and thire caridge while thay weare with me was very ordarly.

Sir yours to Sarve

Peter Lyon

Peter Lyon kept a tavern in Canton from 1705-1712. An Act of the Massachusetts General Court passed in October, 1692, "for the better observation and keeping the Lord's Day" as one of its sections ordered—"That no traveller, drover, horse courser, waggoner, butcher, higler or any of their servants shall travel on that day, or any part thereof, except by some adversity they were belated and forced to lodge in the woods, wilderness or highway the night before; and in such case to travel no further than the next inn or place of shelter, upon the penalty of twenty shillings."

The above letter is addressed to Major Thomas Leonard of Taunton, and their journey evidently brought them before him as a magistrate for breaking the law.

BILLS RENDERED TO GOVERNOR JOSEPH DUDLEY

1710/11 Peter Barbours Accompt. with His Excellency
Joseph Dudley Esq^r. Cap^t. Gen^l. and
Governour &c

M	17	To making a Gray Cloth Coat for yor Coachman Gabriel 14/ Thread and Silk 2/4	00 — 16 — 4
		Buckram Canvis and Tape	00 — 2 — 6
		Silk and laceing a hat	00 — 1 — 6
		Cash pd for 1½ yds Broad Silver Lace 12/ pr	00 — 18 — 0
			<hr/> 1 — 18 — 4 <hr/>
June	9.	Making a Black Silk westcoat	00 — 10 — 0
		Thread Silk 18d Mohair 2/ Buttons 18d	00 — 5 — 0
		Buckram Canvis and Tape	00 — 1 — 6
		1 yd Lining to lyne ye Sleues	00 — 2 — 6
		Cash pd 3½ yds black flowered Silk for { new fore body and new Sleues att 20/ pr {	3 — 10 — 0
			<hr/> 4 — 9 — 0 <hr/>
Aug	3 ^d	To making a pr Leather Bretches for Ga- briel	00 — 6 — 0
		2 pensilvania skins for Outside & pockets	00 — 18 — 0
		Thread Silk 2/ Breft buttons & Staying 3/	00 — 5 — 0
			<hr/> 1 — 9 — 0 <hr/>

Nov. 3 ^d .	Making a Morning Gown & Silk and			
	Thread	00	— 5 — 0	
14	Making a Double Brefted blew Cloth Coat	01	— 00 — 0	
	Cash for Collo Savidg for 3¼ yds Blew			
	Cloth 40/ pr	06	— 10 — 0	
	5¼ yds Shalls [?] 4/6 pr	01	— 3 — 7½	
	Thread Silk 2/9 ^d Buckram Canvis and			
	Tape 3/9 ^d	00	— 6 — 6	
3	Dog Buttons 3/ pr. 9/ Wading 2/6 ^d	00	— 11 — 6	
		<hr/>		
		9 — 16 — 7½		
		<hr/>		
		17 — 12 — 11½		

Errors excepted This 22^d Day of Nov^r. 1711.

✂ Peter Barbour.

Peter Barbour was a Boston tailor of that period, where he died in 1734.

His Excelency Goven ^r Dudley		Dr.		
1700		£	s.	d.
April 19.	To 1 pr Shoes Pr ye Datr	00	— 4 — 6	
Sber 27.	To 1 pr Ditto Pr Madm Dudley	00	— 4 — 6	
Jany 1	To 1 pr Ditto Pr Ditto	00	— 4 — 6	
1701.				
April 5.	To 1 pr Ditto Pr yor Son Wm	00	— 5 — 6	
	To 1 pr Ditto Pr Coz Ting	00	— 5 — 6	
May 31.	To 1 pr Ditto Pr Madm	00	— 4 — 6	
June 30	To 1 pr Ditto Pr yor Son	00	— 5 — 6	
July 1	To 1 pr Ditto Pr yor Cuz Ting	00	— 5 — 6	
24	To Coach hire Pr Madm Dudley	00	— 3 — 6	

1702			
July 18.	To 1 pr Shoes Pr yor Son Wm	. . .	00 — 6 — 0
1703			
May 1.	To 1 pr Ditto Pr Madm	. . .	00 — 4 — 6
8	To 1 pr Ditto Pr Mrs Ann	. . .	00 — 4 — 6
Sber 22	To 1 pr Ditto Pr yor Datr	. . .	00 — 4 — 6
1710			
Jan 14.	To Coach hire Pr Madm Williard	. . .	00 — 6 — 0
15	To Ditto with ye Doctor & waiting	. . .	00 — 10 — 0
16.	To Ditto with ye Doctr & Ditto	. . .	00 — 10 — 0
1711			
Nber 6.	To a Pearch for a Coach	. . .	00 — 10 — 0
			<hr/>
			£4 — 19 — 0

£ Contra Cr.

1701.			
			£ s d
April 21.	—By yor Son 1 pr Shoes Retd	. . .	00 — 5 — 6
	By Maj Ting 2 pr Shoes	. . .	00 — 11 — 0
1711	{ By 1 Load English hay wt 8ct at 4/	. . .	1 — 12 — 0
Apr 30	{ & 4 Salt Ditto at 2/	. . .	00 — 8 — 0
			<hr/>
			£2 — 16 — 6
Due to me Pr Ball			2 — 2 — 6
			<hr/>
			4 — 19 — 0

Errors Excepted £ Savill Simpson

Savill Simpson of Boston was a cordwainer and a warden of King's Chapel.

Madam Dudly debter ffebery 23 : 1711.

		<i>lb.</i>	<i>sh.</i>
	itt one Barrel of Beare	0	16 — 0
March ye 22	itt one Barrel ditto	0	16 — 0
April ye 2	itt half Barrel ditto	0	8 — 0
May 17	itt half Barel ditto	0	8 — 0
June 3 :	itt half Barrel ditto	0	8 — 0
		<hr/>	
		2	14 — 0

ffrancis Threfher

Francis Thrasher, clothier, Boston, died in 1727.

Roxberry, Septembr. ye 21^d 1711

His Exsylensy ye Gouener is . . . Dr

		<i>lb</i>	<i>s</i>	<i>d</i>
Sepbr. 21	To Balance Accompt	00	12	10
	To mending ye coplinrains	00	01	00
Novbr. 24	To mending 2 Bridills	00	02	00
	To mening a fide fadell and fix straps	00	02	04
Janry	To Leather and nails to ye coach	00	03	06
	To couerin a fadell from ye tree	00	15	00
	To Leather & long strips of Leather for ye coach	00	05	00
	To couerin a pallit Bedsted & nails & leather	00	04	00
	To worke don to ye coach & flay and nails severall times	00	02	00
	To one Cloath Bridill & Bitts	00	11	00
		<hr/>		
		02	18	8
		<hr/>		
	Benj: Tompfon paid	£2	10	—
		<hr/>		
			8	8

Benjamin Thompson was a saddler in Roxbury.

His Exselsc Ioseph Dudley Esq^eD^r to ffrancis Holmes

ffor a Dinner to 13 men	£1 — 6 —
and a botle of wine	£0 — 2 —
	<hr/>
	£1 — 8 —

Francis Holmes at this period was landlord of the Bunch of Grapes Tavern.

His Excellcy. Ioseph Dudly Esqr.

May 15 1713.

Dr: To Edward Bromfield

6 yds garlick	20d	10 — 00
4 yds $\frac{1}{4}$ flowerd Searge	4/6	19 — 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
$\frac{1}{4}$ & $\frac{1}{2}$ yd gold lace	20/	7 — 6
		<hr/>
		£1 — 16 — 7 $\frac{1}{2}$

Edward Bromfield, 1649–1734, was an eminent Boston merchant, who lived on Rawson's Lane, which became Bromfield Lane and is now Bromfield Street.

His Excellency Ioseph Dudley Esqr. D^r.

1712

June 26 th .	To a new Screw to a Silvr Chafing dish & mending yc bottom	£ 0 — 5 — 0
	To a pr Silvr Taggs 1/6 Setting a Stone in Silvr 2/	0 — 3 — 5
July 8 th .	To 6 Silvr Tea Spoones, a Strainer & tongs	2 — 18 —
Augt 18 th	To 3 gold Rings	1 — 12 — 6
Octor 9 th	To a pr Stone pendants	0 — 12 — 0
Decr 10 th .	To ye Exchange of a Silvr. Spooene	0 — 10 — 6

1712-13		To altering ye Chaines of 2 pr. gold but-	
	tons		0 — 0 — 9
Janry 5 th	To a Silvr. Tea pott — wt. 19oz 13½dra.		12 — 2 — 3
1712		Contra	Cr. £18 — 5 — 2
Octor, 9 th .	By gold Recd		£ 0 — 7 — 6
23 ^d	By money Recd		5 — 0 — 0
			£ 5 — 7 — 6
Errors excepted		due to Ballance . . .	£12 — 17 — 8
John Edwards.			

John Edwards, the goldsmith, was the father of John Edwards, the Boston bookseller. John, the elder, married Sybil, daughter of Rev. Antipas Newman. At his death his house and shop were on Cornhill, now Washington Street.

Boston July 6, 1717

Recd: of Collo, Joseph Dudley thirty Shillings which is in full for a Kittle Sold him I Say recd: for accot. of my mafr. John Smith.

Benja: Savage.

Benjamin Savage was a son of Thomas Savage, goldsmith, of Boston, who removed with his family to Bermuda in 1696, and returned to Boston in 1714. Previous to 1732 Benjamin Savage went to Charleston, S. C., where he died in 1750.

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